HOW MICHAEL MILKEN GOT CUDDLY

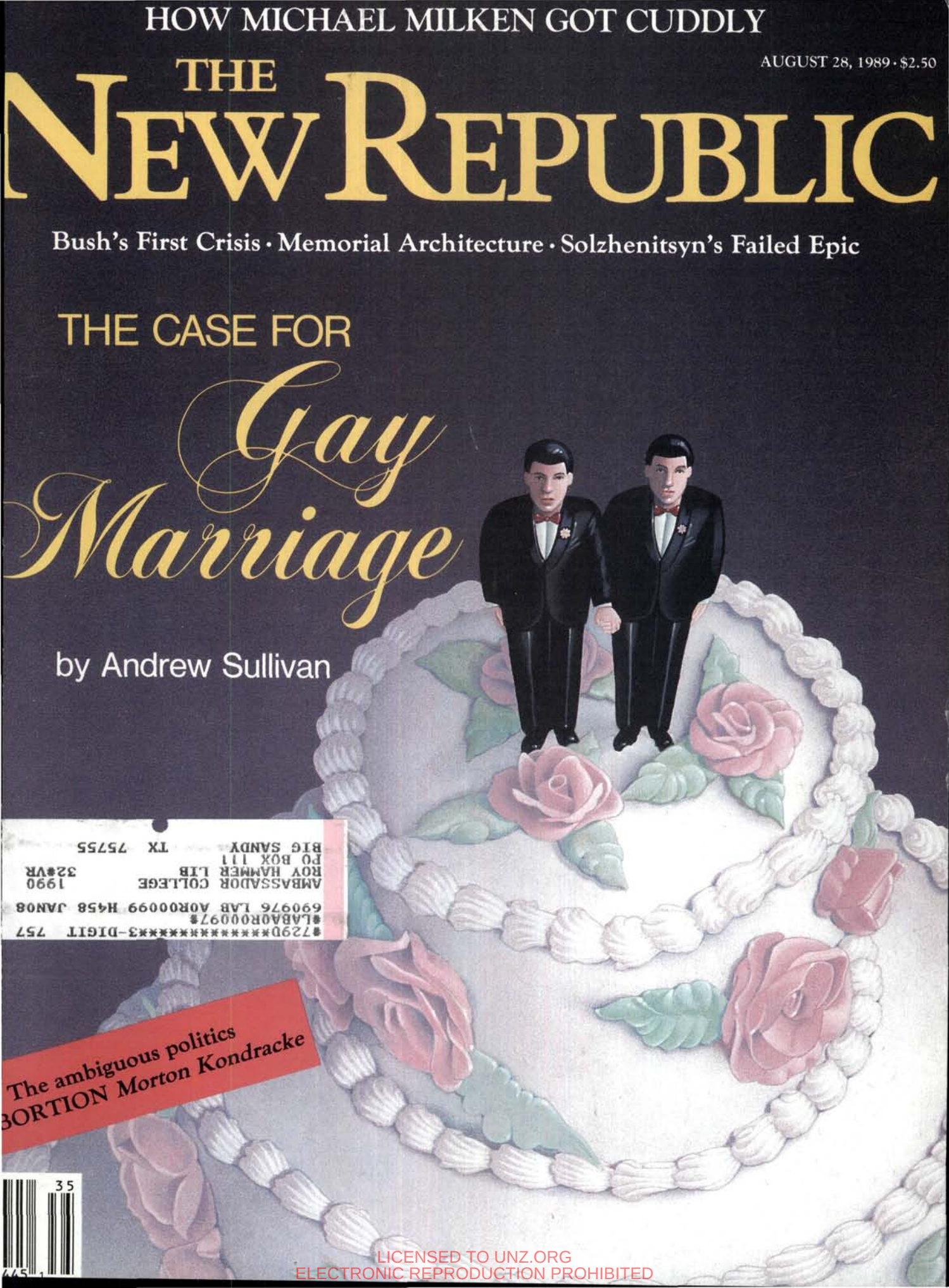
AUGUST 28, 1989 · $2.50

THE NEW REPUBLIC

Bush's First Crisis · Memorial Architecture · Solzhenitsyn's Failed Epic

THE CASE FOR *Gay Marriage*

by Andrew Sullivan



#729D**********3-DIGIT 757
#LABAOR00097$
690976 LAB AOR00099 H458 JAN08
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE 1990
ROY HAMMER LIB 32#VR
PO BOX 111
BIG SANDY TX 75755

The ambiguous politics
ABORTION Morton Kondracke

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You're looking at a 2900%
blowup with detail never
before possible in a 35mm
color print film.

Kodak introduces EKTA
color print film for the
advanced photographer

EKTAR 25 film delivers
microfine grain for the m
superior image structure;
the highest resolution;
the sharpest detail ever
achieved in color print fil

New EKTAR film.

The genius is in the details.

Photograph taken on EKTAR 25 ISO
Available in 25, 125, 1000 ISO.
For more information on new EKTA
call: 1-800-242-2424.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

RECEIVED
AUG 14 1989

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Weekly Journal of Opinion

AUGUST 28, 1989

FOUNDED 1914
WASHINGTON, D.C.
ISSUE 3,893

Editor-in-Chief and Chairman
MARTIN PERETZ

Editor
MICHAEL KINSLEY

Literary Editor
LEON WIESELTIER

Managing Editor
DOROTHY WICKENDEN

Senior Editors
FRED BARNES, ANN HULBERT,
MICKEY KAUS, MORTON M. KONDRACKE,
ROBERT WRIGHT

New Republic Books Editor
(Basic Books)
BILL NEWLIN

Economics
ROBERT KUTTNER

Films
STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Theater
ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Music
EDWARD ROTHSTEIN

Poetry
RICHARD HOWARD

Art
MARK STEVENS

Architecture
HERBERT MUSCHAMP

Contributing Editors
ROBERT COLES, HENRY FAIRLIE,
JAMES K. GLASSMAN, HENDRIK HERTZBERG,
CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER, VINT LAWRENCE,
LOUIS MENAND, ADAM MICHNIK,
ROBERT B. REICH, JONATHAN RIEDER,
MAGGIE SCARF, RONALD STEEL,
RICHARD L. STROUT, E. V. THAW, ANNE TYLER,
NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN,
MICHAEL WALZER, C. VANN WOODWARD

Editorial-Corporate Coordinator
LAURA E. OBOLENSKY

Assistant to the Editors
JUNE HALEY

Assistant Editor
LEONA HIRAOKA ROTH

Production Manager
BRUCE STEINKE

Assistant Production Manager
KRISTIN CONRADI

Production Associate
ERIC V. PETERSON

Literary Assistant
SARA MOSLE

Interns
DAVID ELLEN, HOWARD ULLMAN

President
JEFFREY L. DEARTH

Publisher
JOAN M. STAPLETON

Associate Publisher
TOM HICKS

Controller
JEAN GANDY

Advertising Manager
JENNIFER BARRETT

Circulation Director
PATTY JONES

Accounting Manager
CHRISTINA R. OVERHOLSER

Advertising Assistant
DARLENE BUSCAGLIO

Accounting Assistant
JULIE HAWKINS

Back Issues and Reception
MAXINE OAKLEY

Circulation Consultant
H. EDWARD YOUNG

Corporate Marketing
GUY STODDARD

Leadership Network Advertising
ROBERT F. SENNOTT JR.

Cover by Kim Barnes/Stansbury, Ronsaville, Wood for THE NEW REPUBLIC. Article on page 20.

4 TRB FROM WASHINGTON **CONFLICTING PRESCRIPTIONS** Give the FDA a break.

6 CORRESPONDENCE Education reform, the abortion quagmire, &c.

7 THE EDITORS **THE NEW CLASS** How to get more good people into teaching.

8 NOTEBOOK Kidnapping, Kennedys, &c.

10 FRED BARNES **WHITE HOUSE WATCH: FRENETIC CAUTION** Bush improvises through his first crisis.

11 MICHAEL MCGOUGH **EQUAL RITES** American blacks want their own Catholic Mass. Why not? The Armenians, Chaldeans, and Copts have one.

12 HENRY FAIRLIE **HOLDING OURSELVES HOSTAGE** It's wrong to make a fuss about one soldier on duty.

13 HENDRIK HERTZBERG **YOU HAD TO BE THERE** The magic of Woodstock.

14 DAVID ELLEN **TESTING, TESTING** A new AIDS drug pushes the FDA to the limit.

16 TOM GJELTEN **DEFEAT WITHOUT AGONY** What the Sandinistas will do if they lose a fair election.

17 MORTON M. KONDRACKE **THE NEW ABORTION WARS** A report from several fronts.

20 ANDREW SULLIVAN **HERE COMES THE GROOM** A (conservative) case for gay marriage.

23 MARK HOSENBALL **THE FRIENDS OF MICHAEL MILKEN** Facing indictment makes a man think about the important things in life—like public relations. **VANITY PRESS** Milken's ink is like his junk bonds: high interest, low quality.

26 STANLEY KAUFFMANN **ON FILMS: GETTING FAMILIAR** Eric Rohmer's well-paced *Four Adventures of Reinette and Mirabelle.*

27 HERBERT MUSCHAMP **ON ARCHITECTURE: HOW BUILDINGS REMEMBER** How does a building represent a catastrophe? The U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum's answers.

33 TOMAS VENCLOVA **WAR AND PIECES** *August 1914* by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn

37 DENNIS WRONG **MAKING IT** *Ethnic Differences: Schooling and Social Structure Among the Irish, Italians, Jews, and Blacks in an American City, 1880-1935* by Joel Perlmann

38 GREGG HODGES **POEM** *A Music*

39 E. V. THAW **MOMA'S BOY** *Alfred H. Barr Jr.: Missionary for the Modern* by Alice Goldfarb Marquis

42 WASHINGTON DIARIST **BRIGHT IDEAS**

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 201, Number 9, Issue 3,893, August 28, 1989. (Printed in the U.S. on August 9, 1989.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated Jan. 9 & 16, July 17 & 24, Aug. 7 & 14, and Sept. 18 & 25, 1989) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. Leadership Network advertising (212) 684-5500. Yearly subscriptions, $59.97; foreign, $89.97; Canada, $74.97. Back issues, $3.00 (includes postage & handling). ©1989 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Available on microfilm from University Microfilms Intnl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106 and Bell & Howell, Old Mansfield Road, Wooster, OH 44691. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Subscribers: Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscription inquiries to Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 56515, Boulder, CO 80322. For subscription problems call 800-274-6686.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB®
FROM WASHINGTON

Conflicting Prescriptions

In the early 1960s popular magazines were full of complaints about the regulation of prescription drugs. *Saturday Review* ("Do We Need a Census of Worthless Drugs?") demanded that "a disinterested agency" should take charge of judging "the 'cures' that flood the market." Large companies had taken over the field, the author complained; doctors, buried in an avalanche of marketing, were unable to resist useless remedies; the public was serving as guinea pigs. *Harper's* published an essay warning of inadequate clinical testing; attacking lax standards and corruption at the Food and Drug Administration; and expressing the hope (!) that tighter regulation "may lead to a substantial reduction in the number of new preparations marketed every year."

The August 1989 *Reader's Digest* also has an article complaining about the regulation of prescription drugs. It's called "Why Can't We Get the Medicine We Need?" Subtitle: "The Food and Drug Administration's foot-dragging could cost you your health, or even your life." Excessive bureaucracy and caution—even corruption—at the FDA are keeping vital drugs off the market, the author charges. She demands that Congress "repeal the agency's authority to review drug efficacy" because "the relative merits of drugs ... are ... personal decisions."

There's just no pleasing some people—in particular, the American people. Widespread sentiments like the ones quoted above, plus the Thalidomide scandal in Europe, led in 1962 to a law tightening drug-approval standards. The most important change was requiring the FDA to certify that new drugs are effective as well as merely safe. Now, led by a strange alliance of AIDS activists and conservative deregulation enthusiasts, popular sentiment is swinging back the other way. And the FDA has responded by drastically short-circuiting its approval process for some drugs. (See David Ellen's article on page 14 about the new AIDS drug ddI.)

For years (since long before AIDS) I've been saving string for an article criticizing America's elephantine drug approval policy as an example of our society's immature attitude toward risk. Life is inherently risky; reducing one risk often increases others, yet at any given time we tend to focus on only one side of the equation. In order to reduce to absolute zero the risk of a Thalidomide catastrophe, we have created a system that denies sick people helpful medicines.

This happens in three ways. First, people suffer and die needlessly while medicines go through the FDA process (which until recently took an average of eight years) before they are ultimately approved. Second, other medicines that could meet FDA standards never get the chance because the process is too costly (typically $100 million). Or pharmaceutical companies don't even bother to develop such drugs for the same reason. Third, the government's standards of safety and efficacy are simply too high; they block drugs that could be useful and are worth the risk. Once a drug is established as safe, why should it also have to be proved effective to the government's satisfaction before people who want it can get it? In the case of people suffering from fatal diseases, why must a drug even be proved perfectly safe?

There's a nice bit of evidence that, until recently, drug-approval standards were too high. When Washington VIPs were struck with some serious disease, they often seemed to surface in experimental treatment programs at the National Institutes of Health. Sometimes they underwent miraculous recoveries as a result. More often, probably, they died anyway—perhaps even sooner. But that didn't stop others from making the right phone calls to get in the next time. And why not? Clutching at straws makes perfect sense under the circumstances. So does not worrying overmuch about how it will play in Peoria. Still, you couldn't help wondering whenever one of these stories popped up in the paper about Senator Fogbound being given a promising new medicine to treat his advanced cancer of the moral sense, or whatever: If the laws and regulations that keep these experimental drugs off the general market are allegedly for our own good, why is it political big shots who are getting them at the NIH rather than, say, prisoners or real estate agents?

These days that complaint is old hat. At least in the case of AIDS drugs, virtually anybody can get into an experimental treatment program. There is something called "treatment IND," which means a vastly expanded official testing program. And both the FDA and the NIH have endorsed the concept of a "parallel track" of "community-based" testing, which is little more than a euphemism for letting doctors give the drug to their patients in the ordinary course of treatment so long as they keep track of the results.

In short, the FDA is managing to get risky drugs to desperate patients who want them without having to admit that it is lowering its standards. Obviously, however, an elaborate testing program becomes largely superfluous if every potential customer gets to participate in the test. The main practical advantage of the "testing" pretense is that drug companies have to supply the ingredients for free or at production cost; but this hardly solves the problem of giving them an incentive to produce the drug in the first place.

One disadvantage of the "testing" evasion is the question of how you get people to join a formal controlled test, where they might be given a placebo, if they can join an informal "test" where they're assured of getting the real stuff. But this problem will arise however the FDA chooses to make risky drugs available more quickly, and it is morally unavoidable. You can't deny people medicine for society's good rather than their own.

A different point is that by evading its own excessive standards instead of simply lowering them (or asking Congress to lower them), the FDA is helping us all to keep avoiding a sensible decision about the risk-benefit trade-off. It is still too hard to get a new medicine with a normal prescription, but it may be getting too easy to get one as part of an "experiment." Someday there will be another Thalidomide and the public, which is now clamoring for increased access to new drugs, will clamor with equal passion for increased protection from them. I would not want to be the FDA commissioner forced to explain to a congressional subcommittee that the thousands of victims were simply voluntary participants in a massive testing program.

By all means let's amend the law to get rid of the efficacy requirement. But understand that this means billions of dollars will be wasted on useless remedies, and that some people will be enticed to forgo better alternatives and will die as a result. Let's even relax our standards of safety a bit, so drugs can get to market quicker and cheaper. But understand that a flimsier safety net means that more dangerous drugs will fall through it. Above all, let's stop going from one extreme to the other.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Iran After Khomeini

To evaluate developments in post-Khomeini Iran, the International Security Council convened an unprecedented seminar of eighteen former Iranian ministers of state and distinguished American and Iranian scholars on the theme "Iran After Khomeini" on July 26-27, 1989 in Washington, DC. The following statement represents their collective evaluation and is offered in the public interest.

The virtually unopposed election of Hashemi Rafsanjani as President of Iran symbolizes the changes of leadership following the death of Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini on June 3 and opens an opportunity for the United States and the West to review their relations with Iran.

Rafsanjani's ascendancy to the newly enhanced post comes at a time of heightened Soviet influence in Iran. This situation is accompanied by the lack of U.S. involvement and influence in the country. Moreover, the USSR has moved in Iran's direction by becoming the champion of UN Resolution 598, which was originally promoted by the United States. This Resolution specifies *inter alia*, withdrawal of forces to international boundaries and a just settlement of the war with Iraq.

Soviet policies and actions toward the Middle Eastern states have become increasingly sophisticated and multidimensional and only serve to strengthen Moscow's attempts to influence Iran, which has 1,250 miles of contiguous border with the USSR. **While Soviet historical aspirations for land access to the Indian Ocean remain undiminished, the future direction of Gorbachev's *perestroika* will significantly influence the choice of instruments to fulfill these aspirations.**

The geopolitical importance of Iran as a buffer to Soviet ambitions in the Persian Gulf/Indian Ocean region has not decreased for the United States. The strategic imperatives in the region have not been changed by the Iran-Iraq War. However, U.S. influence in Iran has declined, giving strength and opportunity to the USSR.

Iran's post-war reconstruction is estimated to cost in excess of $100 billion. The USSR is unlikely in the near term to be able materially to contribute to this effort, but will probably seek barter deals which will give it greater access to Iranian oil, gas and other resources. Iran will, at some stage, however, need to turn to the West for economic cooperation and assistance if it is to rebuild its economy.

The new Iranian Government is largely operating, at least initially, on a collegial basis. However, Iranian leadership usually devolves relatively quickly onto the shoulders of a single leader and there is as yet no indication that this will necessarily be Hashemi Rafsanjani, at least in the medium term. **Rafsanjani, despite his strengths, has also built a significant array of enemies, and it is more than likely that a new leader of Iran will emerge in the coming few years, almost certainly someone who is both unknown and untainted at this stage.**

Power in Iran has customarily been shared between religious and secular leaders, operating in balance, with the Armed Forces in a supporting role. This framework is expected to continue.

U.S. policy must consider the fact that both Iran and Iraq have now developed an extensive domestic defense industrial capacity which ultimately gives these countries an independent military capability which is no longer entirely dependent upon either the U.S. or any other single supplier of defense equipment.

The U.S. after a period of careful evaluation should seek to normalize relations and consider, among other things, lifting the economic sanctions currently in force against Iran and unfreezing Iranian assets in the United States.

U.S. actions toward Iran should not be undertaken solely in reaction to Soviet influence or involvement there. The United States retains a significant reservoir of goodwill inside Iran on which it should capitalize.

The new Government has yet to assume its final shape, and the U.S. Government would be advised to adopt a watching brief before embarking upon an activist policy toward Iran. Ultimately, U.S. policy should seek to foster the evolution of a secure and stable Iran, moving toward internal democratization, within a regional community of free and independent countries. A longstanding pillar of U.S. and Western policy in the region is to assure access to the unimpeded flow of the region's resources.

In the near term, however, the U.S. Government should:

- **Be open toward contacts, discussions and negotiations with the Iranian Government;**
- **Recognize that the hostage issue in Lebanon and state-sponsored terrorism are significant aspects of U.S. interests with regard to Iran, but that the U.S. Government should allow itself neither to be manipulated nor paralyzed by these issues;**
- **Undertake a program of research, discussion and analysis of Iran and the region so that better informed and appropriate policies will develop;**
- **Maintain a balanced approach to all states in the region so that U.S. policy will not be perceived as either tilted toward Iran or the Arab states;**
- **Attempt to revive the role of "honest broker" in helping to achieve an Iran-Iraq War settlement by, among other things, vigorously seeking an end to the occupation by both former belligerents of the other's territory;**
- **Be prepared to work with European allies and Japan, and through international monetary and economic institutions, to assist in the reconstruction of Iran when the time comes;**
- **Recognize the strategic advantages of a West European and Japanese presence in Iran, whether or not U.S. influence is largely excluded.**
- **Continue to urge the Iranian Government to adhere to human rights guarantees and to establish stable representative institutions. At the same time the U.S. should reaffirm support for Iran's territorial integrity and national sovereignty.**

While the U.S. should not move hastily in response to the election of President Rafsanjani, it should recognize that protracted inaction risks ceding geopolitical dominance of a vital region to the USSR.

Dr. William H. Lewis
Director, Security Policy Studies, George Washington University
Conference Chairman

Hon. Muhammad Baheri
Former Minister of Justice of Iran

Hon. Daryoush Homayoun
Former Minister of Information and Publications of Iran.

Hon. Fereydoun Hoveyda
Former Ambassador of Iran to the United Nations

Hon. Assad Homayoun
Senior Fellow, International Strategic Studies Association; Former Minister of the Embassy of Iran to the U.S.

Mr. Nikola Schahgaldian
Senior Policy Analyst, Political Science Department, The RAND Corporation

Dr. Joseph Churba
President, International Security Council

Mr. Gregory R. Copley
Editor-in-Chief, *Defense and Foreign Affairs*

Gen. George B. Crist, USMC (Ret)
Former Commander-in-Chief, U.S. Central Command

Maj. Gen. George J. Keegan, Jr., USAF (Ret)
Former Chief, U.S. Air Force Intelligence

Hon. Charles M. Lichenstein
Former Deputy U.S. Representative to the United Nations

Mr. William Mazzocco
Senior Research Associate, International Security Council

Dr. Ralph Ostrich
Senior Consultant, BDM Corporation

Dr. Richard Thornton
Institute for Sino-Soviet Studies, George Washington University

INTERNATIONAL SECURITY COUNCIL
818 Connecticut Avenue, NW
Washington, DC 20006
(202) 828-0802

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

Taking The Initiatives

To the editors:

Secretary of Education Lauro Cavazos is already speaking in favor of alternative certification of teachers and merit pay—two reforms you recommend in "Lauro's Themes" (July 10). One of the president's programs provides for $5,000 awards to teachers who have achieved "success" in specified areas. Another provides financial rewards for "schools that have improved students' educational performance." A third initiative consists of "one-time grants awarded to States to design, develop, or implement creative and flexible alternative certification systems." The president is asking for $333 million to fund these programs. This funding will come not "out of the hide of existing programs," as you suggest, but from additional appropriations specifically requested by this administration.

You are concerned that only 18 percent of eligible preschool children can participate in the Head Start program. President Bush has recommended a substantial increase in funding for Head Start. Secretary Cavazos has promoted this expansion, even though the program is administered by Health and Human Services.

Finally, we don't believe that choice programs will lead to further segregation. Magnet schools, for one, have proved to be highly successful in desegregating schools. In Watts recently, black parents rallied and demanded parental choices. According to a 1987 *Phi Delta Kappan*/Gallup Poll, when asked, "Do you think that parents in this community should or should not have the right to choose which local schools their children attend?" 77 percent of non-white public school parents answered that they should—as opposed to 70 percent of white parents.

TED SANDERS
U.S. Department of Education
Washington, D.C.

Bad Judgment on Abortion

To the editors:

"Good News on Abortion" is a fine example of TNR's efforts to make not-so-subtle war on the left. These efforts proceed through the announcement of positions that are critical but ostensibly offered for liberals' "own good"; and they are distinguished by rigid logic, wholly out of touch with the world of human fact. Certainly there is risk (of both flawed opinions and devastating results) when we consign the protection of fundamental rights to an increasingly conservative judiciary. But there is also symbolic and practical value in declaring certain rights to be among our most essential (or perhaps this is not a status you wish to confer on a right you describe as "close to absolute"). More important, you vastly, and I think disingenuously, misjudge the consequences of a state-by-state legislative campaign to protect a woman's right to choose. I suppose it would be un-"rigorous" to point to the recent headlines describing legislative initiatives proposed by state officials. While prospective Republican candidates may be "running for cover" (an unsupported assertion I have reason to doubt), their already-elected counterparts are hungrily rolling up their sleeves. And while the Washington pro-choice marchers' efforts may have been unsuccessful, they were not confused: only the most cloistered commentators would claim that the court's rightward shift was a non-political response to the logical flaws of *Roe* v. *Wade*.

KATHRYN ABRAMS
Boston, Massachusetts

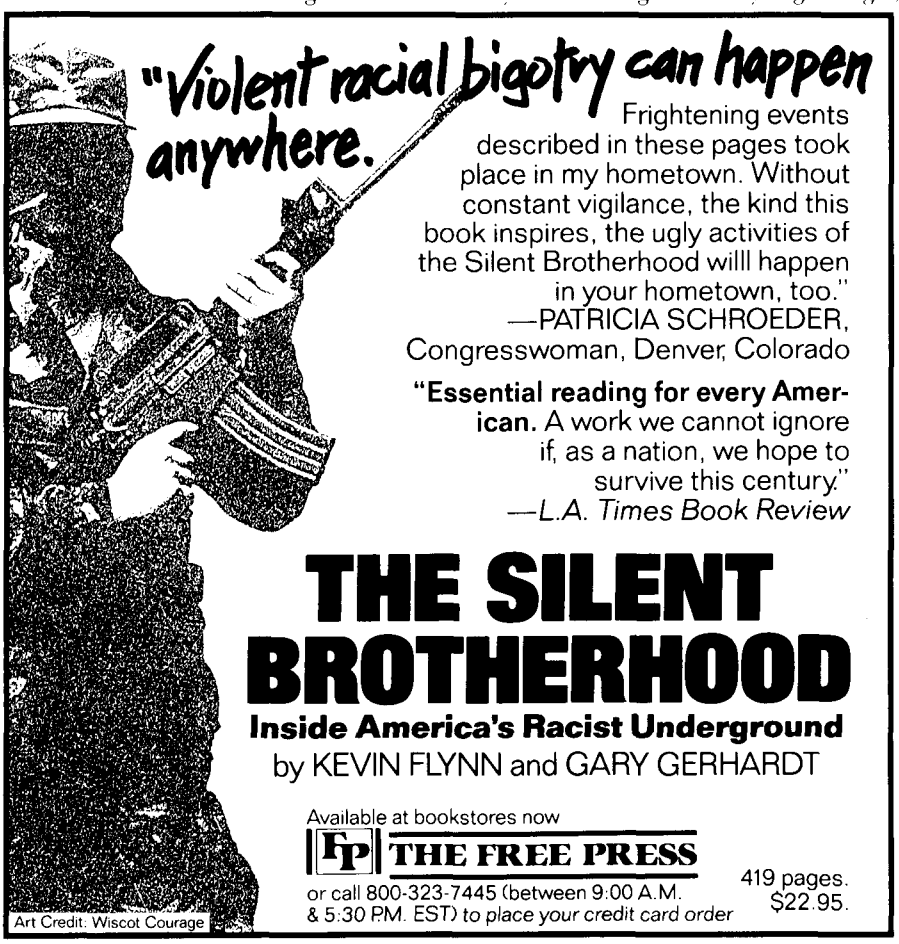
The Resurrected Reader

To the editors:

The common reader is me. I read novels and poetry for pleasure. Yes, I enjoy "stories as stories" and firmly believe that "characters bear some resemblance to human beings" ("The Treason of Critics" by Irving Howe, June 12). I read novels voraciously and quickly, often with the result that a year later I've forgotten details of, say, *Jude the Obscure* or even *Twelfth Night*, and so I read them again, drawn by a strong memory of how the work stirred me. I care little about what the critics are doing. I read book reviews for the same reasons I read movie reviews: does this sound like a book (movie) I'd like to read (see)? I do not mourn the lack of interchange, discourse, or whatever, between the critics and me that Howe describes. In other words, although I do own a book by Helene Cixous, it was a gift from my mother (a literary critic) and I've never read it (sorry, Mama).

The common reader is quintessentially presented in a scene from Truffaut's movie *LouLou*: a young woman is leaving her older, intellectual lover for a wild young man who rides a motorcycle. The older lover whines: "But you can't even discuss books with him." She replies simply: "I read books. I don't have to talk about them." And when we *do* talk about

continued on page 41


"Violent racial bigotry can happen anywhere.
Frightening events described in these pages took place in my hometown. Without constant vigilance, the kind this book inspires, the ugly activities of the Silent Brotherhood willl happen in your hometown, too."
—PATRICIA SCHROEDER, Congresswoman, Denver, Colorado
"Essential reading for every American. A work we cannot ignore if, as a nation, we hope to survive this century."
—L.A. Times Book Review
THE SILENT BROTHERHOOD
Inside America's Racist Underground
by KEVIN FLYNN and GARY GERHARDT
Available at bookstores now
FP THE FREE PRESS
or call 800-323-7445 (between 9:00 A.M. & 5:30 P.M. EST) to place your credit card order
419 pages. $22.95.
Art Credit: Wiscot Courage

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC
AUGUST 28, 1989

The New Class

Almost everyone agrees that the quality of teaching in America's public schools is often deplorable, but ideas about how to attract better people into teaching fall into two conflicting categories. One set of ideas, promoted by the teachers' unions, is to make teaching as a career path more appealing, through more prestige, higher pay, and so on. In other words, make it more professional. Another set of ideas is to get smart people into teaching who don't necessarily think of it as a career path—young college graduates looking for a worthy life experience before graduate school, bored midcareer executives, early retirees. This involves creating incentives, such as contingent student loans, and breaking down disincentives, most notably the gatekeeper role of education schools. In short, make teaching less professional.

The education establishment has come up with an idea, intended to serve the first vision, that could actually—with minor emendation—serve the second one. That idea is board certification. As in the various specialties of medicine, certification by a "National Board for Professional Teaching Standards" would be a badge of honor within the profession, not a minimum requirement to enter it. But if it became an acceptable substitute for a teaching degree, it could bust open the profession.

Albert Shanker, president of the American Federation of Teachers, has been pushing the board certification scheme since 1985. In 1987 the Carnegie Corporation supplied seed money for the 64-member independent board, which recently announced its plan. Starting in 1993, any teacher with a B.A. degree and three years' experience will be eligible for a battery of difficult pedagogical and subject-matter tests—such as videotaped simulations and written exams—to become "board-certified."

What makes national certification more than just another self-congratulatory piece of paper is what progressive states and school districts can do with it. First, they can use the tangible credential as a basis for vital reforms like "merit pay." Teachers' unions have opposed such reforms, arguing that invidious distinctions between teachers would be inherently unfair and subjective. A case in point: the 1986 teacher of the year in Florida did not qualify for a bonus under that state's now-defunct but then-innovative merit pay program.

Second, because the board rejected calls to make state licensure a prerequisite, progressive states can also use the credential to allow talented out-of-state and private school teachers immediate entry into their public schools. Already Iowa has passed legislation granting automatic licensure to teachers in these categories who pass the boards.

The board has asked the federal government for $25 million, half the estimated cost of developing the certification program. Congress is favorably inclined, but Education Secretary Lauro Cavazos has spoken out against it. Federal funding would give the government an opportunity to attach a couple of useful strings. One is to make sure the tests are tough enough, and emphasize knowledge of subject matter over teaching technique. Otherwise, all the pressures on the board will be the other way.

More important, the government should insist that the catch-22 requirement of three years' teaching experience be removed. The whole idea is, or ought to be, to create a way for people with a yen to teach to prove their bona fides while sidestepping the requirement of a teaching degree and other entry-level bureaucracy. Without the three-year rule, states could accept national certification as an alternative entry-level licensing credential for *anyone* who could pass the tests (not just people who are teaching already in other states or private schools). States like New Jersey have made some progress over the last five years in establishing their own alternative licensing systems. Board certification should quicken that development. What's more, by holding alternative-licensure applicants to a *higher* standard than ordinary applicants, board certification will eliminate any controversy over whether teachers licensed outside the established system are as qualified as those who went through it.

The board claims its proposed three-year rule is in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tended to spare novices the embarrassment of failing the test. It could be that the real purpose is to spare current teachers the embarrassment of seeing so many fresh faces pass it.

NOTEBOOK

KIDNAPPING AND DOUBLE STANDARDS: American officials who have criticized the Israeli seizure of Sheik Obeid ("I don't think kidnapping and violence helps [sic] the cause of peace"—President Bush) have short memories. They should recall the case of Fawaz Yunis. Yunis was a small-time operative who often crossed the thin line between criminality and politics in Lebanon. In September 1987 an elaborate covert operation orchestrated by the CIA lured Yunis from Beirut to Cyprus, and from there to the high seas, where he was abducted by American intelligence and brought to the United States. In short, he was kidnapped. (To do this, the United States employed one Jamal Hamdan, well known in Beirut as an extortionist and murderer, who promised the small-fry Yunis big bucks from a drug deal.) Yunis was held in solitary confinement for 18 months before he was even brought to trial this past February. He still languishes in jail while the legal system deals with his case. Yunis is charged with being among five men who hijacked a Royal Jordanian Airlines flight in June 1985 and took it on one of those Middle Eastern multicapital excursions that the Palestinians have made famous. But nothing much happened to passengers or staff, and certainly nothing happened at all to the two Americans on board. The presence of these Americans, however, was the pretext for what was presented as a triumph over terrorism. Now that U.S. emissaries are negotiating with certified murderers of American diplomats, the entire enterprise against this bit player seems pathetic. It also puts into perspective all the huffing and puffing about the seizure of Sheik Obeid. Obeid, unlike Yunis, is not a bit player in the terror network, but a central figure responsible for the torment of many innocent Israelis, Americans, and other Westerners, not to mention the Lebanese victims of his armed doctrine in action. In the meantime, the U.N. Mideast envoy, Marrack Goulding, added to the hypocrisy by offering also his opinion "that the kidnapping of Sheik Obeid does not help." This is strange commentary from the utterly helpless United Nations. As we read the papers, the abduction seems at least to have started off a process that might get some hostages released, who only weeks ago were barely in people's memories.

FREE WUER KAIXI: Oh, no! Wuer Kaixi, the student hero of Tiananmen Square, who escaped to America, spent the first weekend in August sailing with the Kennedys in Hyannis Port. Next, Vegas with Sinatra? Wuer understands and courageously opposed the corruptions of his country's system. But who will protect him from the more subtle corruptions of our country's system? In China he used celebrity (with that natural p.r. sense inherent in all great leaders, martyrs, and saints). In America celebrity will use him if he's not careful. In China the Kennedys are probably up there with Miss Liberty herself as icons of freedom and democracy. In America, by now, the resonance is somewhat different. Someone please wise this kid up, before it's too late.

MIXED REVIEW:

Exxon Valdez Limps In as San Diego Cheers
—*New York Times*, July 31

Spectators quietly watch ship pass by
—*San Diego Union*, same day
(thanks to Ralph Leighton, Coronado, California)

MEASURING TOOLS:

June Machine Tool Orders Declined 38%
—*Wall Street Journal*, July 31

Tool Orders Rose 16% In June
—*New York Times*, same day
(thanks to John Schmid, New York, New York)

IS BUSH BURNING?

Bush Scorches Hill Democrats Over Agenda
—*Washington Post*, July 29

Bush to stay low-key with Congress
—*Philadelphia Inquirer*, same day
(thanks to Philip Eberle, Wrightsville, Pennsylvania)

SAME PAPER, SAME DAY, SAME PAGE, SAME HEADLINE:

India-Sri Lanka Crisis Eases;
69 Are Killed in Ethnic Strife
—*New York Times*, July 29
(thanks to Tamara Glenny, Brooklyn, New York)

CORRECTION: "The prescription-drug benefit alone will easily cost $6.8 million a year . . ."—TNR, August 21, referring to the new Medicare catastrophic health care program. That, of course, should be $6.8 billion. In future, all references to health care costs should be assumed to mean billions. It's a safe bet.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

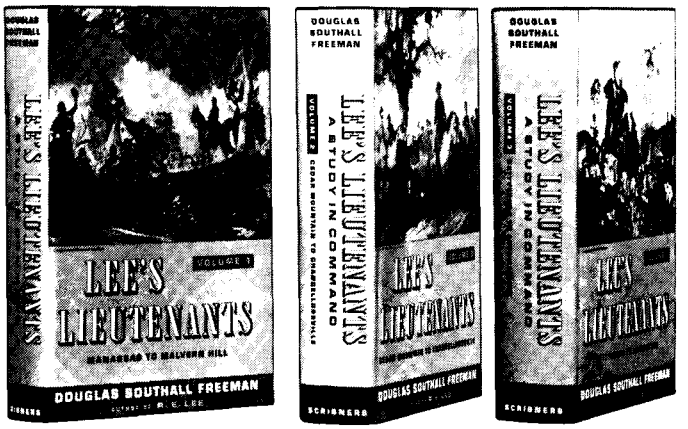
Priceless collections. Big savings.

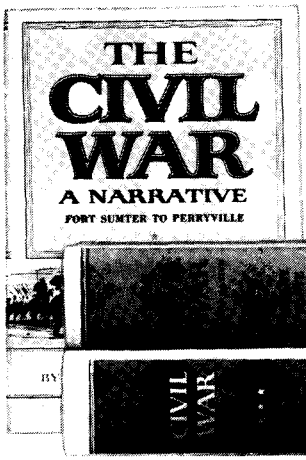
With no risk, no commitment.

Douglas Southall Freeman's
LEE'S LIEUTENANTS
Three-volume narrative

Publisher's Prices Total $90
Introductory Price $20

Set 7179





Shelby Foote's
CIVIL WAR
Three-volume narrative

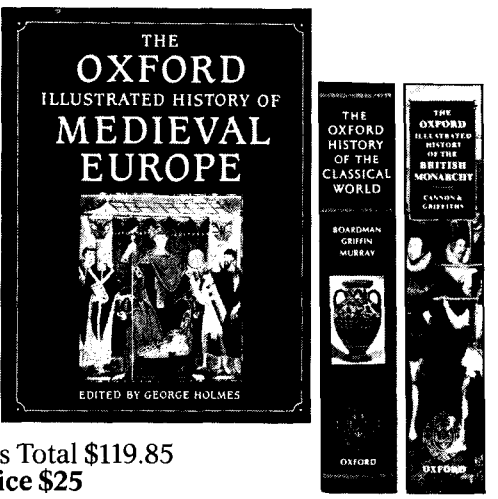
Publisher's Prices Total $105
Introductory Price $15

Set 7237

OXFORD HISTORY LIBRARY
Three-volume reference

Publisher's Prices Total $119.85
Introductory Price $25

Set 1602



Landmark works. Hailed by readers, historians and critics alike.

No matter what area of history you enjoy reading about most, you'll find that History Book Club offers some of the finest selections being published today. And no book club we know offers greater savings–as much as 30% off publishers' list prices.

Your commitment? There is none. Through this special Introductory Offer, you can try History Book Club with no risk, no commitment. You may cancel membership at any time by notifying History Book Club. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy at least one book in any six-month period.

Save as much as 30% with low Members' prices. You'll enjoy significant savings off the publisher's price on each selection you make from the 150-200 volumes featured in the History Book Club *Review*, along with the new main title, the "Editors' Choice." History Book Club always offers its members well-made, long-lasting editions.

How the Club works. You'll receive our *Review* and a dated Reply Form 14 times a year (about every 4 weeks), plus up to 4 more offers of special selections. If you want the "Editors' Choice," do nothing. If you want another book, or no books at all, return the Reply Form by the date specified. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Your HBC Guarantee: If you receive an unwanted "Editors' Choice" because you had fewer than 10 days to decide, simply return it and pay nothing.

Try History Book Club–and save! Return the attached coupon today.

History Book Club®
Camp Hill, PA 17012-8805

Please enroll me in History Book Club according to the no-risk, no-commitment terms outlined in the accompanying ad. Send me the multivolume set whose number I have entered in the space below. Bill me at the low Introductory Price, plus shipping and handling.

H127-8-4

Set Selection ____

9-66

Name _____

Address _____ Apt. # _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

© 1989 History Book Club, Inc. All orders subject to approval. Prices generally higher in Canada.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

Frenetic Caution

By Fred Barnes

Though one American hostage had been killed and the life of another threatened, the White House pretended that it was going about business as usual. That meant staging a photo opportunity when the foreign minister of Bahrain, Sheik Mohammed Mubarak, visited President Bush on August 2. "We had to do it because this is what we normally do," explained a White House official. It also meant reporters could attend but not get their questions answered. Bush has a rule against responding to questions at photo ops.

Mubarak didn't play along. He had something he wanted to say. Before the press was ushered into the Oval Office, he told Bush that the killing of Lt. Col. William Higgins was a world problem, since Higgins had been working in Lebanon for the United Nations. "The press is going to ask a lot of questions," Bush said. "Do you want to say that?" Absolutely, said the foreign minister. So Marlin Fitzwater, the White House press secretary, told reporters to go ahead and ask a couple of questions. After Mubarak gave his spiel, Bush said, "We are thinking prudently about this matter in every way possible." We're leaving "no stone unturned," but we don't have much good information. And so on.

This episode wasn't terribly important, but it does show the seat-of-the-pants fashion in which the White House coped with the first crisis of Bush's presidency. "There's no road atlas on how to proceed" in a hostage crisis, says a senior Bush aide. But there are rules of thumb, drawn from the wrenching hostage experiences of Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan. Always deflect attention from your towering concern for the hostages, don't have the president communicate with hostage families. Bush discarded both of those, correctly, I think. Even where there was a firm White House rule to follow—no answers at photo ops—Bush tossed it aside on the spur of the moment. In the short run, all this worked. The serial murder of American hostages stopped, or at least was delayed.

In hindsight, it's easy to say Bush performed as expected. (Actually, I didn't have any particular expectations. Bush can fool you.) Bush was cautious, frenetic, resourceful diplomatically, and mighty lucky. In his case, being cautious and being frenetic are not mutually exclusive. His policy of pursuing diplomacy while holding off on military action was cautious. At the same time he was feverishly telephoning everyone he could think of, holding meetings, checking on intelligence, etc. He called British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher twice. He called Pope John Paul II and the Sultan of Oman. He called the president of the American Red Cross.

Neither Bush nor his aides know what persuaded Hezbollah terrorists to call off their execution of hostage Joseph Cicippio. But there's a suspicion at the White House that mild Israel-bashing helped. Bush was upset that Israel hadn't informed him beforehand of the plan to seize Sheik Abdul Karim Obeid. This irritation was reflected at his July 28 press conference, hours after Obeid's capture. "I don't think kidnapping and violence helps the cause of peace," he said. That Bush response was spontaneous, not scripted.

For the next four days, the Bush administration regarded the hostage issue as an ordeal caused by Israel's recklessness. This feeling was heightened on July 31 when Hezbollah released a videotape of Higgins, dead and hanging. Bush was in Chicago for a speech. He quickly decided to return to Washington, scrapping speeches in Las Vegas and Oklahoma City. He knew this would attract media attention to the hostage crisis, but figured it was better to be where he's comfortable and could gather his advisers around him. "There were also practical considerations," said an official. "You can't conduct a National Security Council meeting by telephone from Oklahoma City, wonderful as the place is."

In Washington, Fitzwater briefed reporters. Senate Republican leader Bob Dole had accused the Israelis of endangering American lives by grabbing Obeid, and Fitzwater didn't dispute this. "It's fair to say that many people do share the senator's concerns," Fitzwater said. Who? "They know who they are," he said cryptically. Later, Fitzwater insisted his words should have been taken at face value, not as a diplomatic slap. He made the comment simply because it was true, Fitzwater said. Fine, but it came in the context of the administration's distancing itself from Israel. Officials stressed, for example, that Israel's policy of seizing terrorists and then negotiating a hostage swap is "different" from ours.

The final zinger at Israel wasn't much of one. When Bush left the Oval Office at 7:30 p.m. on July 31, he told Brent Scowcroft, the national security adviser, and chief of staff John Sununu that he wanted to issue another statement aimed at Cicippio's captors, who had threatened to execute Cicippio the next morning if Obeid wasn't released. Scowcroft and Sununu worked for more than two hours, checking with Bush repeatedly by phone and consulting Fitzwater. The statement was cleverly worded. It sounded critical of Israel and it was supposed to. In fact, it wasn't. In Bush's name, it issued an "urgent call to all, all parties, who hold hostages in the Middle East to release them forthwith." This seemed to put Israel on the same level as Hezbollah terrorists. But a mass exchange of hostages was exactly what the Israeli government had already proposed.

The next day, the attitude toward Israel began to improve. In the morning, Fitzwater was watching CNN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when news came of a four-hour reprieve in Cicippio's death sentence. Hezbollah had blinked. Fitzwater rushed into the Oval Office with the news, and Bush phoned Scowcroft to ask if it were true. "That was the first hint somebody [in Hezbollah] was doing some thinking," a White House official said. The reprieve was later extended for 48 hours. On August 3 the sentence was lifted indefinitely. On August 4 Iran offered to resolve the hostage problem. What had been an ordeal to endure had become an opportunity, created by Israel, to free the hostages. "Opportunities evolved out of this that weren't easily foreseeable at the early stages," said a senior official. Not by the Bush crowd, at any rate.

Bush is skillful as an administrative president, but at times the White House merely muddled through. Intelligence was terrible, partly because the American spy apparatus in Lebanon was wiped out years ago. At a senior staff meeting, Sununu declared sarcastically that a lot of money could be saved if CNN were hired in place of the CIA. CNN knows more, he said. Fitzwater says, seriously, that CNN serves as the ambassador to the world for terrorists. They don't have embassies, so they send all their messages through the press. And the White House gets the messages first on CNN. In return, the White House sent threats by leak. At first, aides feared the leaks about using military force might be harmful. The leaks were often contradictory. On August 1 the White House afternoon news summary said the Associated Press was reporting Bush had not ruled out the military option and United Press International was reporting he had. Soon aides stopped worrying, figuring the leaks would confuse the terrorists and keep them off balance.

Fitzwater had trouble pretending the White House wasn't obsessed with the hostages (which it was). On August 1 he began his briefing by dwelling on everything Bush had done on the issue. Late in the briefing, and only in response to a question, Fitzwater said that Bush "did not return to Washington to administer a crisis situation or convene any crisis management operation," though of course Bush had. He hadn't called an NSC meeting, Fitzwater said, and congressional leaders were invited to the White House for a session with Bush only because they'd asked for one. If that weren't enough, Fitzwater said Bush had no intention of canceling the barbecue for Congress on the White House lawn.

Faking normalcy was a superficial problem. The Bush policy was a real one. From its initial experience, the White House concluded that the diplomatic option is best. Maybe it is. But it leaves the killing of Higgins unavenged. And it may result in a return to the status quo: eight American hostages alive but not free. The terrorists were smart. When Obeid was captured, they showcased a dead American, not an Israeli. "They understand a lot about our psyche and the Israelis'," an administration official said. They proved again they can make hostages the chief concern of the U.S. government. After Iran offered help, Bush vowed he's doing nothing to encourage hostage-takers. The question, though, is whether he's done anything yet to discourage them.

Different Masses for different classes.

Equal Rites

By Michael McGough

It's back. By order of Pittsburgh's Roman Catholic bishop, the Tridentine Latin Mass is again being celebrated under diocesan auspices. But don't throw those folk hymnals away. The form of the Mass promulgated "in perpetuity" by Pope Pius V in 1570 will be offered only twice a month in two churches, and is being permitted, according to Bishop Donald W. Wuerl, "solely to respond to the legitimate spiritual needs of those who are faithful to the Church, yet find the Tridentine Mass to be a source of real spiritual growth."

The bishop's gesture isn't much of a concession to those traditionalist hard cases who believe, with "rebel archbishop" Marcel Lefebvre, that the post-Vatican II Mass in any language is secularist sacrilege. This faithful remnant must still live with the fact that the vast majority of Catholic parishes in Pittsburgh are the scene of English-language Eucharists barely distinguishable from those found in a Lutheran or Episcopal church. A cradle Catholic of a certain age can sympathize with the traditionalists' *tristesse* over this uni-sects trend. (Their theological objections to the new Mass are another matter.) In 1958 Bishop Fulton Sheen published *This Is the Mass*, a coffee-table book in which Sheen's commentary about the soon-to-be-old liturgy was illustrated by Yousuf Karsh's sumptuous photographs of the Mass as performed by the TV-star bishop and a grandnephew acting as acolyte. In one rather dated technological metaphor, Sheen describes the Mass as a radio that allows the faithful to "tune in" on the eternal signal of Christ's redemption. It may still be that, but the format is Easy Listening.

It's an obvious irony, but the reason the Latin Mass is condemned to a marginal existence is that Roman Catholicism is more Roman than catholic when it comes to countenancing diversity of worship. After a war, the winners write the history; after the conflict between "progressives" and "conservatives" at Vatican II, the reformers wrote the liturgy—and loyal Catholics fell into line. I remember our pastor straining against his evident dismay over liturgical reform to explain to us schoolchildren how the vernacular version was still the true Mass. The best he could manage was an analogy to World War II when Catholic chaplains had to say Mass on the front lines with a minimum of liturgical trappings. If a stripped-down Mass in a foxhole was spiritually efficacious, he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

concluded, so was the new English rite.

Uniformity is less prized in the Church of England. As readers of the novels of Barbara Pym and A. N. Wilson know, services in Anglican churches run a vertical gamut from "high" to "low." In "high" parishes, like St. Alban the Martyr in London, an Anglo-Catholic landmark where I heard Mass a few months ago, the incense is thick and so is the ethos of the sort of Catholicism I was raised in, except that the prayers are rendered in BBC English instead of Pittsburgh-accented Latin. "Low" Anglican churches are reliably Protestant, in theology as well as liturgy. This pluralism (or anarchy) is so taken for granted that tourists can buy a "Guide to Worship in Central London," published by the YMCA, which, among other consumer tips, classifies Anglican parishes according to ecclesiastical altitude. Thus St. Stephen's on Gloucester Road "lies firmly in the Anglo-Catholic tradition with a High Mass as the principal Sunday service complete with full ceremonial and a professional choir"; while at St. George the Martyr worship is "charismatic and has an evangelical, outgoing feel." (Hmm.) This ecclesiastical Baedeker also contains thumbnail accounts of Roman Catholic parish churches in London, indicating among other things whether they offer the occasional Latin Mass. But Roman Catholicism, in London or Pittsburgh, is less conducive than is Anglicanism to stained-glass-window-shopping.

Having said that, it is worth noting that Roman Catholic parishes, however theologically monolithic, always could be distinguished along ethnic, economic, and aesthetic lines. Sacred Heart Church in Pittsburgh, the Gothic fortress where I was christened and served as an altar boy, was almost Anglican in its austerity—and heaven forbid that this bastion of middle-class Irish Catholicism would stoop to sponsoring bingo games. My first taste of the diversity of Roman Catholic worship came when our family decided to fulfill its Sunday obligation at a parish in the adjacent Italian neighborhood. From the painted statues to the altar boys' garish red cassocks (which did not conceal their high-topped tennis shoes, a surpassing sacrilege by Sacred Heart standards), the experience was a culture shock if not exactly a crisis of faith. My snobbish reaction was un-Christian, of course, but very (Irish) Catholic.

A few years later I partook of an even more exotic religious experience when the boys from my Catholic high school attended an exquisite Divine Liturgy at a Byzantine Catholic church across the street. Such "Uniate" churches, loyal to the pope but observing the same rituals as Eastern Orthodoxy, are common in western Pennsylvania, where the hills are dotted with the onion domes of churches founded by immigrant Eastern European steelworkers. Most Americans, and probably most Catholics, are only dimly aware of these so-called Eastern Rites, although recent political events have brought some publicity for two non-Roman Catholic denominations—the outlawed Ukrainian Catholics in the Soviet Union and the Maronites of Lebanon (often identified by Middle East correspondents, who have other things on their minds, simply as "Christians"). The existence of these non-Roman Catholic churches poses something of a p.r. problem for the Vatican, because their traditions include such deviations from Roman practice as married priests and the election of church hierarchs.

The implications of this phenomenon have not been lost on Father George Stallings, the Washington, D.C., priest who has run afoul of the Roman Catholic hierarchy by founding an African-American Catholic Congregation known as the Imani Temple. As everyone knows by now, Stallings's African-American Masses—I keep waiting for an unthinking reporter to refer to them as "black Masses"—incorporate the revivalism of the black Gospel tradition as well as some African traditions. Watching Stallings on television, more than a few white, middle-aged Catholics must have mouthed the same question David Letterman once posed to a Pittsburgh priest who moonlights as a nightclub entertainer: "Does the pope know about this?" Maybe not, but John Paul II is presumably aware—if he isn't, he can look it up in the Catholic Encyclopedia, as I did—that the Vatican recognizes a plethora of quasi-autonomous Catholic Churches, including an Ethiopian Catholic Church. Father Stallings and his sympathizers can legitimately ask why a Catholicism that tolerates Armenian, Chaldean, Coptic, and Malabar Rites, and that might have to accept an Anglican Rite as the price of reunion with the Church of England, can't accommodate an African-American Rite. Whether such separatism would be good for racial integration in the United States, a cause the Catholic Church has espoused as a moral imperative, is another question. In the American setting, equal rites might be hard to reconcile with equal rights.

MICHAEL MCGOUGH is editor of the editorial page of the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.*

Soldiers are expected to die.

Holding Ourselves Hostage

By Henry Fairlie

Lt. Col. William Higgins was clearly an exceptionally fine Marine officer. He accepted a dangerous post and showed courage in carrying out his mission. The manner of his murder, whether executed recently or several months ago,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was an outrage. The display of it on videotape was gruesome. The revulsion of the American people is natural.

But the death of one soldier on active duty, however sad and atrocious, does not create a crisis. The atmosphere of crisis was nourished by the photo opportunity of President Bush's hurried return to Washington, by the senators trooping to the podium before the cameras, and of course in the reports and headlines of the media. It would be going too far to say that soldiers are meant to die. But they are likely to die. They are expected to die. They are employed to be ready to die. The possibility and sometimes even probability of dying is part of their profession.

In no way was the United States placed in greater danger than before by the killing of Lt. Col. Higgins. In no way was any threat to its national interest increased by this single act. In no way was the world made a more dangerous place than it has already been made by terrorism. The holding and eventual killing of hostages do not in themselves create a crisis for a great nation, however great an affront they are. This is certainly true of the diplomats and others serving in American embassies. Everyone taken hostage in the American Embassy in Tehran knew that he or she had accepted a dangerous post, and it remains to the credit of President Carter that—unlike his successor—he did not try to barter for their release (with arms or anything else).

Even diplomats in embassies far from the Middle East are today targets for kidnapping. Even businessmen or those on vacation who choose to travel to or work in the Middle East know they are in danger of being taken hostage. Anyone who uses a commercial flight is a potential victim of hijacking as well as a crash. It is, of course, offensive that this should be so. But no great nation can allow its foreign policy to be dictated by sympathy for the hostages.

It is not only that there is no effective way of retaliating or rescuing the other hostages. It would be a folly to allow these to be a priority in American policy even if they were possible. President Bush and his advisers seem to realize this. They are treating this episode as a "crisis" only in the literal sense: as a "turning point," such as when a fever reaches its "crisis" and may turn for better or for worse. There is now an opportunity for quietly, calmly—in the opposite of a crisis atmosphere—at last lessening the tension created by the hostages held by both sides in the Middle East. That opportunity has been created by Israel's abduction of Abdul Karim Obeid, the first captured Shiite terrorist religious fanatic important enough for the Palestinians to bargain for. But it is self-defeating to pursue the involved, necessarily secret diplomacy needed in these negotiations in a manufactured atmosphere of crisis over the fate of individual hostages. Every "hostage crisis" is in fact created in the affronted country, not by the terrorists themselves.

The magic of Woodstock.

You Had To Be There

By Hendrik Hertzberg

Going to Woodstock was interesting. Getting the hell out of there was ecstasy.

Four of us set out on the morning of Friday, August 16, 1969—me, fresh out of the Navy; my college friend Phil; and our girlfriends, Karen and Mary. We had spent Thursday night at my sister's farm in Rockland County, not too far from where the festival was to be held. She and her husband wanted to come with us, but they had a small child and decided to stay home. They waved goodbye to us from their porch as we pulled out in Phil's beat-up Volkswagen bug. We knew we were in for an adventure of some sort.

Why did we go? Partly for the scene, which promised to be out of the ordinary. Partly for the music: it wasn't every day you could see and hear on the same program The Who, Jimi Hendrix, the Grateful Dead, and the many others whose appearances had been advertised. But mainly, we went because of the persistent rumor that Bob Dylan might show up. Dylan supposedly lived in or near Woodstock, an artsy sylvan village. It was on account of Dylan's glamour that the promoters tried to mount the festival in Woodstock, and then kept the name even after the site had to be changed. The fact that there had been no official announcement proved nothing. The mystery tramp wasn't into official announcements. I'm still convinced that two or three hundred thousand of the half million or so people who eventually showed up were drawn by the mere possibility he might sing. Twenty years later, when every beer-sponsored summerfest seems to have Dylan on its schedule, this may seem incomprehensible. But in 1969 the reclusive young composer of "The Times They Are A-Changin'," "Blowin' In The Wind," "Like a Rolling Stone," etc., was for some millions of his fellow citizens the most charismatic creature on earth. His prestige was somewhere between Byron's and Jesus Christ's. So off we went.

The festival began on the New York State Thruway, where every other car was packed with happy, long-haired kids flashing peace signs. On the country roads leading to the site the atmosphere was of a vast medieval gypsy pilgrimage. Besides our tickets, we had low-grade press credentials—not good enough to get us backstage, but OK for getting us into some sort of special parking area. I was representing *Win*, a tiny anarcho-pacifist biweekly. My friend Phil was representing *National Review*, for which he would write an article

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about Woodstock arguing that rock 'n' roll exemplified conservative values in action. Somewhere, perhaps, an impressionable Lee Atwater took note.

We kept driving—slowly, because of the traffic and because by now the running boards and bumpers of our VW were piled high with people catching a ride. We came over the crest of a hill, and there, sloping down before us and to our right, was a huge natural amphitheater covered with the biggest crowd any of us had ever seen. We inched down practically to the stage, abandoned the car, made our way to a spot halfway up the hill, sat down, and waited.

We were well prepared, we thought. We had new sleeping bags and air mattresses, changes of clothes, dozens of sandwiches, jugs of wine and water. The music started—Richie Havens singing "Handsome Johnny," a stirring anti-war anthem, good and loud. The sun shone. The crowd got bigger and bigger. We ate sandwiches and shared some with our neighbors. Everyone was feeling great. Then it rained. Everyone got wet. The music stopped, to forestall the possibility of electrocution. The rain stopped (but everyone stayed wet). It got dark. The music started again—Ravi Shankar. It rained again.

And so on, all night long.

I vividly remember, sometime in the wee hours, Joan Baez's tiny figure spotlighted in the darkness, her pure voice singing a cappella, the crowd calm and still. But most of the time, it wasn't that much fun. Any excursion was a major production. It took an hour to pick one's way through the crowd to the Port-O-Sans and wait in line. It could take another hour to get back, during which, with mounting anxiety, one would become convinced that one's friends were forever lost in the darkness.

Our sleeping bags and clothes got hopelessly soaked and muddied. Our spot was right next to a sort of aisle—a thick, slippery, brown river of boots and muck. As we lay there, trying to sleep, a constant, never-ending stream of people moved back and forth. All night long, without cease, their feet sloshed and stomped and slammed a few inches from our heads. Some of these passers-by were chemically disoriented. Their panic and confusion made them heedless of their steps. The rain, the mud, the unending shuffling and tramping, the constant fear of having one's face trodden on—all this made sleep difficult.

We tried going to the car in shifts to get out of the rain, but with the windows closed it was impossibly damp and stifling inside. Saturday afternoon the weather seemed to clear up. We put on our last dry clothes and began to feel tentatively cheerful. Then it rained again, torrentially. Then the key to the trunk broke in the lock, cutting us off from our remaining supplies. But the ignition key still worked. As the engine coughed and rattled, we looked around at each other, nodded, and got in.

We drove slowly through a Matthew Brady phantasmagoria of tents and mud. Tens of thousands of people were fleeing Woodstock. So many of them climbed onto our VW that there was an ominous crack. The car still moved but couldn't take the extra weight. So two of us trotted alongside like Secret Service agents, asking would-be riders not to pile on. Everyone was polite and friendly, just as the legend has it. We spent the rest of the weekend snug and dry at my sister's place, watching reports from the scene on TV. Our one nagging worry was that Dylan would show up after all and we'd have to spend the rest of our lives wishing we hadn't left. When that didn't happen our contentment was complete.

So there you have it. That's what Woodstock was "like."

Pushing the FDA to the limit.

Testing, Testing

By David Ellen

Behind closed doors at the FDA stirs a revolution in the accessibility of experimental drugs to the desperately ill. Maybe. The drug at the vanguard is ddI, by all accounts the most promising anti-viral AIDS drug to pass initial "Phase I" human safety tests since AZT—still the only anti-viral approved by the FDA.

Research published in the July 28 issue of *Science* confirms earlier reports that ddI is considerably less toxic than AZT, which causes severe anemia in up to half of those who take it. Also, ddI requires only one or two doses per day versus three to six for AZT. If and when the FDA approves the drug, the lower dosage could also mean lower cost. (Pharmaceutical companies must supply drugs free in the clinical trials preceding approval.)

The most important criterion for AIDS patients, of course, is efficacy. Blood tests show a decrease in the amount of AIDS viral material and an increase in the number of healthy infection-battling immune cells. More subjectively, many patients report "increased energy" and appetite, some even a reversal in dementia. On the big question, it is too early to tell whether ddI can prolong life; AZT is already known to add up to 18 months to the short life expectancy of those AIDS patients who can tolerate it.

By law, the FDA moves slowly. Its regulations since 1962 require a three-phase test for any new drug (with some exceptions for terminally ill patients). Drugs that show an acceptable level of toxicity in Phase I (involving fewer than a hundred patients) must undergo several more years of restricted Phase II and Phase III clinical testing for efficacy (and continued safety). Phase II alone takes up to two years and ordinarily accommodates only a few hundred subjects. The entire process,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from animal testing to full-market FDA approval, averages eight years.

Some of this lengthy process can be blamed on bureaucracy. Stories abound of one-ton 851-volume applications transported to the FDA in the back of 18-wheelers. But mainly it is a natural response to the agency's incentives. The FDA has very little to gain by speedy approval of experimental drugs and everything to lose if one hasty approval backfires. Defenders of the present system always bring up the horror of Thalidomide, a sleeping pill that caused thousands of birth defects in West Germany in the early 1960s but that the FDA rejected (though, to dispel a myth, for reasons unrelated to birth defects). The FDA's processes certainly perform a useful function: only one-fifth of experimental drugs that enter clinical trials are eventually considered safe and effective enough for full market approval.

The FDA has made commendable progress over the course of the AIDS epidemic in recognizing that for "immediately life-threatening" illnesses, its rules must change. All experimental AIDS drugs have been elevated to the highest "1-AA" priority. And in May 1987 the FDA codified a new approval scheme, the "treatment IND" (which stands for "investigational new drug"). In practice this has allowed drug companies to expand Phase II to a few thousand patients and, if all goes well, to chop off Phase III (usually the most time-consuming phase of testing). It was under a prototype of the "treatment IND" scheme that the FDA approved AZT in March 1987, only two years after its first clinical test. Since then several other AIDS drugs, though none of them anti-virals, have been similarly expedited.

The drug ddI has made it through Phase I. FDA officials have been meeting regularly with representatives from ddI's manufacturer, Bristol-Myers, to decide what happens next. Though Bristol-Myers has yet to file a formal treatment IND application, Dr. Ellen Cooper, the head of the FDA anti-viral unit, has already agreed to a 2,000-patient, multicentered Phase II trial starting in September, mainly to test the drug's efficacy compared with AZT. The presumption is that the FDA will then approve ddI as soon as (and as long as) the trials yield satisfactory results.

Now Cooper and her colleagues have the opportunity to take another, more radical, step forward. They have taken half that step by recently accepting, at least in principle, the idea of a "parallel track," by which promising drugs that have proved relatively safe (Phase I) would be made available to certain categories of AIDS patients *outside* of the Phase II trials. The parallel track scheme gained widespread attention and credibility in June when Dr. Anthony Fauci, the director of the National Institute for Allergies and Infectious Diseases, publicly proposed his version (and suggested then that ddI may be a prime first candidate). In late July FDA Commissioner Frank Young expressed his agency's general support at a House hearing.

The significance of the parallel track is in the definition: exactly which categories of AIDS patients should be eligible? As it stands now, Cooper will grant access to ddI only to patients who have shown they cannot tolerate AZT. This much would not be new. The FDA has always had a policy of "compassionate use" for the desperately ill who have no alternatives. Cooper is less certain about what the FDA should do about those for whom AZT is not working. It is not easy to tell who falls in this category; however bad a patient's condition, there's always the possibility that it could be worse without the drug. The FDA is sure to block the distribution of ddI to those who simply refuse the AZT option.

The FDA's reluctance to make ddI widely available is partly out of concern for still unknown risks. But it is also partly because easy access to ddI would make it harder to recruit patients for the necessary clinical trials (where some participants must get AZT instead as a "control").

AIDS activists are angry. They acknowledge the FDA's progress over the past year, and may even put away their "I Died For the Sins of the FDA" placards. But they point to the 100,000 reported cases of AIDS and the 58,000 deaths and argue that waiting even another year for wide distribution of ddI is too long. AIDS activists want the FDA to open the parallel track for ddI to most categories of AIDS patients. They say AIDS patients will still enlist in clinical trials in order to get free high-quality medical care, or simply out of altruism. And they argue that those trials will produce cleaner data, no longer skewed by the lies of desperate applicants. Finally, they argue that the parallel track will generate a whole new reservoir of supplementary data from community-based physicians, especially with respect to ddI's effect in combination with other drugs (which usually disqualify a patient from clinical trials). Community-based research gained new respect when the FDA reluctantly relied heavily on it to grant expedited approval in June to an aerosolized version of a drug for AIDS-related pneumonia.

This claim that the parallel track will benefit research is pretty weak. Much more compelling is the straightforward argument from compassion: the FDA has an obligation to allow dying people access to the most promising drug that medicine currently has to offer. In the case of ddI versus AZT, where the former's effects are unknown but seem encouraging and the latter prolongs life at most 18 often horrible months, it is not yet clear which one is the "most promising." In this predicament, the patient ought to be able to decide.

Bristol-Myers has offered to supply ddI free to all patients in the parallel track—however that is eventually defined—but it must still make sure to produce sufficient quantities. And third-party insurers, including the Health Care Financing Administration, must help defray associated health care costs. Congress too can help, by making sure the FDA's budget fits its task, and that liability concerns are not crippling. Nonetheless, all this is moot unless the FDA has the vision to complete the revolution that the AIDS crisis forced upon it. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If the Sandinistas lose an election.

Defeat Without Agony

By Tom Gjelten

MANAGUA

The people assembled in Carlos Fonseca Plaza to hear Daniel Ortega speak on the tenth anniversary of the Sandinista revolution were baffled. He barely mentioned the U.S.-backed *contra* war, the theme of previous anniversary rallies. Instead, he ticked off a number of democratic reforms the Sandinistas have implemented in recent months: a new electoral code, reorganization of the Supreme Election Council, and reopening of media outlets. "In no other Latin American country have there been democratic openings such as those," Ortega boasted. "Here we can talk about genuine and total democracy."

Ortega was on the campaign trail. "*UNO no es ninguno!*" (UNO is nobody!), he shouted. Many in the audience had no idea what he was talking about. But they will know soon enough. UNO, the National Opposition Union, is the new coalition of political parties that will oppose the Sandinista Front in elections scheduled for February.

The change in Ortega's rhetoric can be traced to the meeting in El Salvador last February with other Central American presidents. There he persuaded his counterparts to call for the demobilization of the *contra* army; in return, he assured them, Nicaragua would undergo "democratization." He reiterated that assurance in the accord signed on August 7.

In the past he could make such a promise with little compunction about failing to fulfill it. The Sandinistas always have reserved the right to define democracy according to their own criteria. In their view, land reform, health care, and free education made revolutionary Nicaragua a democratic nation long before elections were considered. But Costa Rica President Oscar Arias has made it clear that their terms are unacceptable. "When we talk about democracy," he says, "we mean democracy in the Western sense." Western European governments, to whom the Sandinistas have turned for economic support, have made the same point. Ortega apparently has gotten the message. In recent interviews, he has insisted that the Sandinista political model for Nicaragua is not Cuba or Eastern Europe, but the social democracy of the Scandinavian countries.

That seems dubious. The founders of the Frente Sandinista de Liberación Nacional (FSLN) considered themselves followers of Marxism-Leninism. Its current leaders see the party as a revolutionary vanguard organization whose historic mission is to transform Nicaraguan society. Its ties to the Sandinista army are intimate. Within the party there is little room for dissent. Key FSLN decisions are made in secret by the party's nine-man National Directorate. Recently the FSLN decided that Ortega will again be the Sandinista presidential candidate next year. According to Sandinista sources, the decision was made in April. There was some opposition in lower ranks, but it was not voiced.

This is part of a long tradition in a country that has never known modern Western-style democracy. Under the Somoza dictatorship, political parties were seen as vehicles for personal enrichment and social advancement by ambitious local (*caudillo*) leaders. Apart from the Sandinista Front, there are 20 registered parties in Nicaragua. Virtually every prominent opposition politician has his or her own. They compete more vigorously for international recognition—which brings financial support and opportunities for world travel—than for the attention of voters.

The election rules were laid down by the Sandinistas, in the electoral code enacted by the National Assembly in April. The law was passed without opposition support, but international observers so far have found little to criticize in it. After a visit, Joao Clemente Baena Soares, the secretary general of the Organization of American States, declared the Nicaraguan law "similar . . . to those in force in many Latin American countries." The electoral codes of Venezuela and Costa Rica served as models.

The Sandinistas clearly learned from the debacle of the 1984 elections—whose legitimacy was marred when the opposition parties boycotted them—and have devised a more sophisticated tactical approach. They recently met with the opposition to discuss complaints about the electoral process (leaders charge that the Supreme Election Council is biased in favor of the Sandinistas), but have made only minimal concessions. And Ortega agreed to the meeting only after he was assured that this time the opposition would not boycott the election. The security forces closely monitor opposition rallies, and at least one was disrupted by jeering Sandinista militants. Such harassment usually occurs only when it has been ordered by FSLN leaders. But there has been little attempt to prevent the rallies from taking place.

The object seems to be to make life as difficult as possible for the opposition while stopping short of any action that might strip the election of its legitimacy in the eyes of international observers. Both the OAS and the United Nations are sending delegations to monitor the electoral process. If the opposition campaign is allowed to proceed without major interference, and there is no evidence of blatant fraud, the election should provide the Sandinistas with stronger democratic credentials.

The Sandinistas are willing to countenance fair elections because they think they can win. The FSLN, which dominates the army, the police, government employees, unions, and mass organizations, has an exception-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ally well-organized base. Opposition analysts estimate the party can count on a "captive" vote of 500,000 to 600,000 Nicaraguans, out of a total voting-age population of about 1.8 million. Moreover, the Sandinistas have what Latins call *poder convocatorio*—the ability to turn out their members. At the anniversary celebration the Sandinista crowd was at least four times larger than any gathering the opposition has assembled.

The parties of UNO, meanwhile, are barely organized beyond their leadership cells. They are in theory committed to nominating a single presidential candidate and running a unified campaign, but their record of working together is not good. "Unless we unite, the Sandinistas will surely defeat us," say Andres Zuñiga of the Neo-Liberal Party. At this point, opposition unity still seems far away. The movement is divided over the choice of a presidential candidate, with one sector favoring Violeta Chamorro, publisher of *La Prensa*, and another pushing Enrique Bolaños, a prominent anti-Sandinista businessman.

But Nicaragua's bankrupt economy has cost the FSLN much of its early support, and some Latin diplomats are convinced that a unified opposition could win. If it did, would the FSLN really turn over the government? Only recently Ortega and others were insisting that the Nicaraguan revolution is "irreversible." They now say that they will follow the dictates of the constitution, come what may. They have said it so many times it would be difficult to retain power illegally without provoking international condemnation. "We would have to carry out a military coup," Sandinista leader Tomás Borge said in a recent interview with a Madrid newspaper. "And if that were to happen, the Americans would invade and the world would turn its back."

The Sandinistas nevertheless make it clear that there would be trouble if UNO wins. Ortega recently said the FSLN would turn over "a share" of power to the opposition—the portion that corresponds to the executive branch of government. But he pointed out that part of the power would remain with "the people." The Sandinistas apparently are preparing for the possibility of surrendering formal control of the government. But they also imply they would be as powerful in opposition as they have been in the government.

A key question is what would happen to the Sandinista army, militia, and police forces. Commerce Minister Luis Carrion, who sits on the FSLN National Directorate, said that he would expect the army to disobey orders that went against the revolution. Another Directorate member, External Cooperation Minister Henry Ruiz, predicted that a non-FSLN government would be unable to ignore the existence of Sandinista cooperatives, Sandinista unions, and a Sandinista army and police. "Thousands of Nicaraguans," he said, "would not be willing to revert to the past."

With their proven *poder convocatorio*, the Sandinistas could immobilize Nicaragua quickly through nonviolent actions. "Let this be clear," says Health Minister Dora Maria Tellez, herself a former guerrilla *comandante*. "If the Frente were in the opposition here, there's not a government that could last more than five days."

Faced with that prospect, the new government might have no choice but to negotiate some kind of power-sharing agreement. The cohabitation agreement anticipated in opposition circles would have the FSLN retaining control of the army, institutionalized by the naming of a Sandinista minister of defense. Such an agreement could provide something for everyone. The non-FSLN parties would take control of the economy, a responsibility the Sandinistas are only too anxious to shed. A non-socialist government would probably be far more successful in attracting foreign aid and investment and restoring the confidence of private producers. Politicians from the *caudillo* mold could be offered the patronage opportunities they have traditionally sought. The FSLN, meanwhile, would have arms and soldiers at its disposal, ready to move against the constitutional government the moment it strays too far from the revolutionary path.

A farfetched scenario? The Sandinistas are among the first to point out parallels. "In almost every country of Latin America," argues Carrion, "the armies, the security apparatus, and the main instruments of power have a very clear political position. They act within the law as long as there is nothing that imperils the system and the ideology and the political positions they are supposed to defend. In this sense, in Nicaragua, the situation is just the same, but with a different ideological and political sign."

Raising the example of military-dominated civilian regimes to justify Sandinista maneuvers may seem to be a cynical approach, but it reveals some of the constraints under which Nicaraguan democracy operates. It is a democracy limited by illiteracy, by *caudillismo*, by poverty, and by militarism. In short, a version of democracy familiar to many Latin Americans.

TOM GJELTEN is Latin American correspondent for National Public Radio.

A report from several fronts.

The New Abortion Wars

By Morton M. Kondracke

A quick reading of the newsmagazines and polls in the newspapers gives the impression that the Supreme Court's *Webster* decision has been good for the pro-choice movement: a "sleeping giant" has been awakened, said *Newsweek*, referring to millions of complacent women who will be aroused to political action by the threat of losing the right to have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an abortion. Indeed, says Kate Michelman, executive director of the National Abortion Rights Action League, "the whole political landscape has shifted" since Webster, and a flood of contributions has more than doubled NARAL's budget, from $4 million last year to $9 million this year.

The coalition of pro-choice activist groups has been meeting intensively since the Court's decision expanding state powers to limit abortion, and it has added the National Urban League, public employee unions, a few liberal Protestant churches, and several Jewish groups to its core of feminist and family planning organizations such as the National Organization for Women, the National Women's Political Caucus, Planned Parenthood, and the National Women's Law Center. The coalition is organizing vigorously to fight the anticipated war of the states, and also plans to push legislation in Congress this fall requiring members to declare their position on preserving through legislation the more or less unlimited rights to abortion during the first three months of pregnancy created by the Supreme Court's 1973 *Roe* v. *Wade* decision (which the current Court may yet overturn).

Polls indicate that substantial majorities believe that the decision whether to have an abortion should be left to a woman and her doctor. According to a late July Associated Press/Media General survey, 63 percent of voters would want their state to make abortion legal if the Supreme Court reverses *Roe*, up from 57 percent in March. Support for *Roe* rose from 53 percent to 59 percent. In June Gallup and *Newsweek* reported that Americans favor retention of *Roe* by 58 percent to 34 percent. Pro-*Roe* majorities exist in every region (66 percent in the West, 60 percent in the East, 53 in the South); among every age group (65 percent among 18- to 29-year-olds); within both political parties (53 percent for Republicans, 59 percent for Democrats, 61 percent for independent); and even among Catholics (53 percent).

In the first post-*Webster* legislative test of the abortion issue, the House of Representatives voted on August 4 to let the District of Columbia fund abortions for poor women. In recent years Congress has forbidden D.C. to spend its own tax dollars on abortions. (The vote might have gone the other way, however, if the provision at issue hadn't forbidden *all* abortion funding, even when the mother's life is at risk.)

Recent anecdotal political evidence also is good for the pro-choice movement. When *Webster* came down, President Bush sent out White House chief of staff John Sununu to read his endorsement of an anti-abortion constitutional amendment. This was even as he was staging a rally at the Iwo Jima monument on what he thought was the sure-fire issue of a constitutional amendment against flag desecration.

In New Jersey previously pro-life Republican gubernatorial candidate James Courter has waffled badly on the issue, saying it would be up to the state legislature to decide whether to eliminate New Jersey's constitutional protection for abortion rights. Pro-choice Democrat James Florio is well ahead in the New Jersey race. NARAL phone calls to 10,000 upper-income suburban voters show that 59 percent will vote only for a pro-choice candidate.

Florida Governor Robert Martinez seems to have miscalculated badly in calling a special legislative session to enact *Webster*-style restraints on abortion (barring public funding and requiring fetal viability tests). Sixty-five percent of the electorate opposes the special session and 71 percent favors leaving Florida's permissive abortion laws alone or expanding them. Martinez's popularity rating has plunged to 24 percent.

New York's Republican mayoral candidate, Rudolph Giuliani, has tried to duck the abortion issue. Virginia Republican gubernatorial candidate Marshall Coleman has backed off his pledge to outlaw abortions even in the case of rape and incest. A poll of Virginia legislators indicates that a majority favor no new restrictions on abortion; only 25 percent favor requiring minors to seek parental consent before getting an abortion.

Most pro-choice leaders think that by bringing abortion back into the political realm, the Supreme Court has thrown a hand grenade into the Republican Party, whose national platform endorses a constitutional amendment banning abortion. The recent AP poll shows the public opposed to the amendment, 53 to 42 percent. Republican pollster Dick Wirthlin has found that when Republicans aged 18 to 34 are asked if they would vote for a Republican candidate for Congress, 83 percent say yes. When told that the candidate would restrict abortions to cases of rape, incest, and danger to the mother's life, only 18 percent support him.

But wait. Other Wirthlin data, other polling figures, and a deeper look at the political situation indicate that this fight is far from over and that the winner is far from clear. Nationwide, Wirthlin found that 14 percent of Republicans of all ages say they will switch away from a Republican candidate who's strongly pro-life, but 13 percent of Democrats will vote for that same Republican if his or her opponent is a Democrat who favors abortion "without restrictions."

Republicans suffer badly among high-income, well-educated moderate conservatives when the choice of candidates is polarized, but they almost make it up among older, less well-educated white Democrats and blacks. It's doubtful that blacks could be persuaded to vote Republican in large numbers over the abortion issue, but both sides are working hard to turn other waverers (suburban Republicans, urban Catholic Democrats) into single-issue voters. Pro-life activists claim polls consistently show that single-issue pro-life voters outnumber pro-choice voters by five percentage points. The AP poll indicates that, by 38 to 21 percent, voters would be more likely to vote against an anti-abortion candidate than for him or her.

The pro-choice movement has shrewdly adopted the most effective message it can: the libertarian argument that individuals, not politicians, should make the deci-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sion whether a woman should have an abortion. NARAL's slogan is "Who Decides?" and the Statue of Liberty is part of its logo. The slogan came from focus groups in Florida and Alabama run by the Washington polling firm of Hickman-Maslin, and the choice coalition has top-flight firms doing its advertising and fund-raising.

But pro-life and conservative Republican activists are convinced that they have an organizational head start in the states (the pro-life movement has been campaigning intensely, after all, for 16 years), that they can win if debate focuses on unborn babies and "abortion," and that polls show the public wants restrictions on abortion every bit as much as it favors "choice." According to pro-life Republican Representative Vin Weber, "NARAL is doing a good job gathering strength for the battle, but this is not the battle. The battle will come over specific issues," where he thinks pro-life support is strong. Weber says he welcomes a "*Roe*-saver" test in Congress. He says it would surely lose in the House (which votes consistently for funding limitations on abortion) and would set up moderate and pro-life Democrats for attack by the choice movement.

According to a *Boston Globe* poll in March, only 25 percent of Americans favor unrestricted rights to abortion, 19 percent want to ban it completely, and 53 percent favor some restrictions. The *Globe* found that, consistently, big majorities would ban 90-plus percent of the abortions now being performed—those for which the reason is merely emotional strain or inconvenience for a mother of carrying her baby to term. More than 80 percent favor legal abortion in cases of rape, incest, or danger to the life of the mother, and 60 percent favor it when the fetus may be deformed, but these represent a tiny minority of cases of actual abortions, according to the Allan Guttmacher Institute, the research arm of Planned Parenthood. Voters oppose legal abortion as a means of birth control by 89 percent to 6 percent, by 75 to 16 when the mother cannot afford to support her child, and by 93 to 3 when the fetus is the wrong sex.

The upshot of such numbers is that each side in this fight will try to demonize the other. In New Jersey Republican Party activists already are urging Courter to quit waffling and try to tie Democrat Florio to NARAL and NOW, claiming that they all favor "abortion on demand" for birth control, sex selection, and as a birth control device, even in the ninth month of pregnancy. Similarly, Michelman repeatedly refers to pro-lifers as "fanatics," "moral absolutists," and "extremists" who want to restrict not only abortion, but birth control and women's right to decide whether to pursue careers or stay at home caring for children.

While the two sides slang away at each other with charges of extremism, they also try hard to paint themselves as reasonable, which may be the only hope the country has of avoiding a political bloodbath over abortion. The National Right to Life Committee, the leading pro-life organization, says that it has "no position" on contraception, thus attempting (none too successfully) to distance itself from extremists like Judie Brown of the American Life League and Nellie Gray of March for Life. The NRLC also emphasizes that it is not a direct-action organization like Operation Rescue, which tries to close down abortion clinics.

On the other side, Michelman and Irene Natividad of the National Women's Political Caucus have been dissenting from the hard-line feminist campaign to start a new women's political party. The abortion rights coalition clearly would like to see the public identify it with attractive, reasonable-sounding spokeswomen like Michelman and Planned Parenthood president Faye Wattleton, rather than NOW's bellicose Molly Yard. In interviews, Michelman takes great pains to identify herself with "family values," to say that abortion can be a "loving act" (i.e., preventing an unwanted child from living a miserable life), and that she believes that "1.6 million abortions a year is a tragedy . . . a failure of public policy to provide adequate sex education and birth control." Michelman declares herself "pro-choice, not pro-abortion."

By 48 percent to 40 percent, Americans regard abortion as "murder," but that margin could be reduced for first-trimester abortions if voters were aware of some history. Up to the mid-19th century, the Roman Catholic Church, English Common Law, and American law did not regard abortion as illegal before "quickening"—the time (around the fourth month) when a mother can feel the fetus move inside her. Even St. Thomas Aquinas supported this idea.

Another potentially powerful—but tricky—pro-choice element in the debate is what the demographic and economic effects would be if the pro-life movement succeeded in severely limiting abortions: middle-class women will find a way to have abortions, underclass women will have babies. The underclass will grow larger, and with it poverty, drug use, crime, welfare dependency, and public expense. No one should or would suggest that poor women be forced to have abortions for the sake of the economy. But they certainly should not be barred from having them on an equal basis with other women. And the thought of all those "underclass" babies will lean some voters pro-choice without the pro-choice movement having to raise the issue.

It seems inevitable that *Webster*, and the possible repeal of *Roe*, will lead to political war in the short run. It seems inevitable that a medium-term compromise will be struck that will discriminate against poor women and add to the nation's social burdens. Longer-term, however—especially when a "morning-after" pill is widely available—a consensus may be reached in favor of permitting early first-term abortions and also spending more money preventing unwanted pregnancies, promoting adoption, and improving the life chances of children, even if they are unwanted. Meanwhile, pro-choicers and pro-lifers alike could prove their humanitarian bona fides by promoting adoption for unwanted children who are already born. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A (conservative) case for gay marriage.

Here Comes the Groom

By Andrew Sullivan

Last month in New York, a court ruled that a gay lover had the right to stay in his deceased partner's rent-control apartment because the lover qualified as a member of the deceased's family. The ruling deftly annoyed almost everybody. Conservatives saw judicial activism in favor of gay rent control: three reasons to be appalled. Chastened liberals (such as the *New York Times* editorial page), while endorsing the recognition of gay relationships, also worried about the abuse of already stretched entitlements that the ruling threatened. What neither side quite contemplated is that they both might be right, and that the way to tackle the issue of unconventional relationships in conventional society is to try something both more radical and more conservative than putting courts in the business of deciding what is and is not a family. That alternative is the legalization of civil gay marriage.

The New York rent-control case did not go anywhere near that far, which is the problem. The rent-control regulations merely stipulated that a "family" member had the right to remain in the apartment. The judge ruled that to all intents and purposes a gay lover is part of his lover's family, inasmuch as a "family" merely means an interwoven social life, emotional commitment, and some level of financial interdependence.

It's a principle now well established around the country. Several cities have "domestic partnership" laws, which allow relationships that do not fit into the category of heterosexual marriage to be registered with the city and qualify for benefits that up till now have been reserved for straight married couples. San Francisco, Berkeley, Madison, and Los Angeles all have legislation, as does the politically correct Washington, D.C., suburb, Takoma Park. In these cities, a variety of interpersonal arrangements qualify for health insurance, bereavement leave, insurance, annuity and pension rights, housing rights (such as rent-control apartments), adoption and inheritance rights. Eventually, according to gay lobby groups, the aim is to include federal income tax and veterans' benefits as well. A recent case even involved the right to use a family member's accumulated frequent-flier points. Gays are not the only beneficiaries; heterosexual "live-togethers" also qualify.

There's an argument, of course, that the current legal advantages extended to married people unfairly discriminate against people who've shaped their lives in less conventional arrangements. But it doesn't take a genius to see that enshrining in the law a vague principle like "domestic partnership" is an invitation to qualify at little personal cost for a vast array of entitlements otherwise kept crudely under control.

To be sure, potential DPs have to prove financial interdependence, shared living arrangements, and a commitment to mutual caring. But they don't need to have a sexual relationship or even closely mirror old-style marriage. In principle, an elderly woman and her live-in nurse could qualify. A couple of uneuphemistically confirmed bachelors could be DPs. So could two close college students, a pair of seminarians, or a couple of frat buddies. Left as it is, the concept of domestic partnership could open a Pandora's box of litigation and subjective judicial decision-making about who qualifies. You either are or are not married; it's not a complex question. Whether you are in a "domestic partnership" is not so clear.

More important, the concept of domestic partnership chips away at the prestige of traditional relationships and undermines the priority we give them. This priority is not necessarily a product of heterosexism. Consider heterosexual couples. Society has good reason to extend legal advantages to heterosexuals who choose the formal sanction of marriage over simply living together. They make a deeper commitment to one another and to society; in exchange, society extends certain benefits to them. Marriage provides an anchor, if an arbitrary and weak one, in the chaos of sex and relationships to which we are all prone. It provides a mechanism for emotional stability, economic security, and the healthy rearing of the next generation. We rig the law in its favor not because we disparage all forms of relationship other than the nuclear family, but because we recognize that not to promote marriage would be to ask too much of human virtue. In the context of the weakened family's effect upon the poor, it might also invite social disintegration. One of the worst products of the New Right's "family values" campaign is that its extremism and hatred of diversity has disguised this more measured and more convincing case for the importance of the marital bond.

ANDREW SULLIVAN, a former TNR associate editor, is a doctoral candidate in government at Harvard University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1990 SPECIAL OFFER 1990

The World Calendar • Le calendrier mondial • Der Weltkalender
El Almanaque Mundial

We live in an increasingly interdependent world with distinctive local, regional, linguistic and religious customs. When we travel, conduct business, or entertain visitors from other countries, we can be more sensitive, productive and relaxed if we are aware of the cultural differences among us. The World Calendar has been created as a cross-cultural reference to assist communication and understanding on an international level.

"Certain calendars almost seem to leap out at one, not so much for their attractiveness, for almost all are attractive, but because of a special theme or use. This is about a calendar that fits that description. It is not on the best seller list, and may not be easy to find. But worth the effort? Decidedly; yes! The World Calendar is intercultural - in six languages and is designed to help us communicate and understand on an international level. There is no color; it needs none. Its photos are striking, each chosen for its depiction of a world culture. Every school room and every home with a child in it should have one."

Minneapolis Tribune

This handsome calendar is lavishly illustrated with old photos and engravings which reflect the world's diversity of cultural tradition. Each month brings a new theme based upon an important cultural or religious motif.

The World Calendar is truly the first international calendar, printed in six languages - English, French, German, Spanish, Arabic, and Japanese.

This large (11"x14") calendar will be an attractive addition to any room - whether at home or the office. And it will enrich each day with the wealth of international experience. Perfect for those with international business or interest.

Includes:

- Holidays of the world's five major religions - Christianity, Judaism, Islam, Hindu, Buddhist - in six languages.
- National and bank holidays of a hundred nations.
- Each weekday and month in six languages.
- Each photo caption in six languages.
- An International Time Zone map.
- English radio broadcast frequencies throughout the world.
- And an index to help you find, understand, and teach celebration days throughout the globe.

Available now for just $9.95. Better yet, order 2 or more and save on postage! Excellent for gift giving!

"I have just seen your World Calendar and was very impressed. In my position, I have many occasions to see many people of all ages who are interested in international issues and in making the world a safe place to live for everyone. Your Calendar is a wonderful affirmation of the spirit of brotherhood that we hope to share with all the people of the world."

Charles Einhorn, Assistant Director CARE

"I take this opportunity to congratulate you for a useful work, done with a high level of good taste."

Cultural Attache, Embassy of Brazil

"The information contained within the World Calendar will permit us to advise our traveling friends and colleagues of upcoming religious events in the countries they are planning to visit."

Cultural Attache, Embassy of France

"Our subscribers have found The World Calendar to be an excellent resource for international business and travel."

Bill Bonner, Publisher, International Living

World Calendar - NR
c/o Educational Extension Systems
P.O. Box 259
Clarks Summit, PA 18411

☐ Please send one (1) calendar at $9.95 + $2.50 postage ($12.45)
☐ Please send _____ calendars at $9.95 + $2.00 postage ($11.95)
☐ Check or Purchase Order enclosed
☐ Phone Orders 1-800-447-8561
☐ Charge my credit card. ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard
Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The concept of domestic partnership ignores these concerns, indeed directly attacks them. This is a pity, since one of its most important objectives—providing some civil recognition for gay relationships—is a noble cause and one completely compatible with the defense of the family. But the way to go about it is not to undermine straight marriage; it is to legalize old-style marriage for gays.

The gay movement has ducked this issue primarily out of fear of division. Much of the gay leadership clings to notions of gay life as essentially outsider, anti-bourgeois, radical. Marriage, for them, is co-optation into straight society. For the Stonewall generation, it is hard to see how this vision of conflict will ever fundamentally change. But for many other gays—my guess, a majority—while they don't deny the importance of rebellion 20 years ago and are grateful for what was done, there's now the sense of a new opportunity. A need to rebel has quietly ceded to a desire to belong. To be gay and to be bourgeois no longer seems such an absurd proposition. Certainly since AIDS, to be gay and to be responsible has become a necessity.

Gay marriage squares several circles at the heart of the domestic partnership debate. Unlike domestic partnership, it allows for recognition of gay relationships, while casting no aspersions on traditional marriage. It merely asks that gays be allowed to join in. Unlike domestic partnership, it doesn't open up avenues for heterosexuals to get benefits without the responsibilities of marriage, or a nightmare of definitional litigation. And unlike domestic partnership, it harnesses to an already established social convention the yearnings for stability and acceptance among a fast-maturing gay community.

Gay marriage also places more responsibilities upon gays: it says for the first time that gay relationships are not better or worse than straight relationships, and that the same is expected of them. And it's clear and dignified. There's a legal benefit to a clear, common symbol of commitment. There's also a personal benefit. One of the ironies of domestic partnership is that it's not only more complicated than marriage, it's more demanding, requiring an elaborate statement of intent to qualify. It amounts to a substantial invasion of privacy. Why, after all, should gays be required to prove commitment before they get married in a way we would never dream of asking of straights?

Legalizing gay marriage would offer homosexuals the same deal society now offers heterosexuals: general social approval and specific legal advantages in exchange for a deeper and harder-to-extract-yourself-from commitment to another human being. Like straight marriage, it would foster social cohesion, emotional security, and economic prudence. Since there's no reason gays should not be allowed to adopt or be foster parents, it could also help nurture children. And its introduction would not be some sort of radical break with social custom. As it has become more acceptable for gay people to acknowledge their loves publicly, more and more have committed themselves to one another for life in full view of their families and their friends. A law institutionalizing gay marriage would merely reinforce a healthy social trend. It would also, in the wake of AIDS, qualify as a genuine public health measure. Those conservatives who deplore promiscuity among some homosexuals should be among the first to support it. Burke could have written a powerful case for it.

The argument that gay marriage would subtly undermine the unique legitimacy of straight marriage is based upon a fallacy. For heterosexuals, straight marriage would remain the most significant—and only legal—social bond. Gay marriage could only delegitimize straight marriage if it were a real alternative to it, and this is clearly not true. To put it bluntly, there's precious little evidence that straights could be persuaded by any law to have sex with—let alone marry—someone of their own sex. The only possible effect of this sort would be to persuade gay men and women who force themselves into heterosexual marriage (often at appalling cost to themselves and their families) to find a focus for their family instincts in a more personally positive environment. But this is clearly a plus, not a minus: gay marriage could both avoid a lot of tortured families and create the possibility for many happier ones. It is not, in short, a denial of family values. It's an extension of them.

Of course, some would claim that any legal recognition of homosexuality is a de facto attack upon heterosexuality. But even the most hardened conservatives recognize that gays are a permanent minority and aren't likely to go away. Since persecution is not an option in a civilized society, why not coax gays into traditional values rather than rail incoherently against them?

There's a less elaborate argument for gay marriage: it's good for gays. It provides role models for young gay people who, after the exhilaration of coming out, can easily lapse into short-term relationships and insecurity with no tangible goal in sight. My own guess is that most gays would embrace such a goal with as much (if not more) commitment as straights. Even in our society as it is, many lesbian relationships are virtual textbook cases of monogamous commitment. Legal gay marraige could also help bridge the gulf often found between gays and their parents. It could bring the essence of gay life—a gay couple—into the heart of the traditional straight family in a way the family can most understand and the gay offspring can most easily acknowledge. It could do as much to heal the gay-straight rift as any amount of gay rights legislation.

If these arguments sound socially conservative, that's no accident. It's one of the richest ironies of our society's blind spot toward gays that essentially conservative social goals should have the appearance of being so radical. But gay marriage is not a radical step. It avoids the mess of domestic partnership; it is humane; it is conservative in the best sense of the word. It's also practical. Given the fact that we already allow legal gay relationships, what possible social goal is advanced by framing the law to encourage those relationships to be unfaithful, undeveloped, and insecure? •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Indictment has brought him out of his shell.

The Friends of Michael Milken

By Mark Hosenball

It isn't every accused racketeer and insider trader who earns laudatory full-page ads in the national press, a sympathetic profile in *Vanity Fair*, words of praise from Jesse Jackson, and the Key to the City of a Mexican border town. But few have made such a deep impression on the worlds of business, politics, and charity as Michael Milken, financial wizard, billionaire philanthropist, and pioneer of the junk bond industry. (Milken was paid $550 million last year, about the price of one stealth bomber.)

Once renowned for his hermit-like existence and his punishing schedule, Milken has been cultivating a softer image over the last two years, since federal prosecutors made their big move (against speculator Ivan Boesky) in the insider trading investigation that ultimately led to Milken himself. As his friends and admirers tell it, Milken's commitment to such causes as Jewish scholarship, minority business development, and handicapped and deprived children today is so deep it is almost heartbreaking.

Milken is hardly the first buccaneer of business to seek rehabilitation in acts of charity and social concern. But he has taken magnanimity in the face of adversity to new heights, flying across the country to give prizes to deserving teachers, chaperoning hundreds of deprived children to a baseball game, and taking time out from his busy schedule to check in on the poor and handicapped.

Milken's spokesman, Ken Lerer, of the New York-Washington public relations firm Robinson, Lake, Lerer and Montgomery, insists that Milken was engaged in philanthropy long before he became a target for Rudy Giuliani. Lerer says that Milken's earlier acts of generosity were less publicized because the press was not as interested in Michael Milken back then. However, when Lerer produced a listing of Milken's pre-investigation public appearances, it consisted largely of speeches before conferences on "capital acquisition" and real estate. And the beneficiaries of Milken's pre-troubles philanthropy mainly included less cuddly organizations such as the Wharton School of Finance, his alma mater.

Circumstantial evidence does suggest that Milken became considerably more involved in charity work after it became apparent that he was a target of a major government criminal investigation. The total of charitable donations made by Milken's three family foundations, for example, multiplied fivefold in 1987 over 1986, the year in which the government's investigation of Boesky became public. Lerer maintains that the timing of these events was coincidental. He argues that it took the Milken foundations several years to organize themselves properly and hire qualified administrators.

Milken's attitude to publicity certainly underwent a transformation. Before his legal troubles, he was so keen to avoid the limelight that he forbade the inclusion of his picture in Drexel's annual report and purchased the rights of all pictures of himself. Now Milken is considerably more accessible to the media, at least in carefully controlled settings. Lerer concedes there is a direct correlation between government investigations of Milken and Lerer's own employment as Milken's flack. He says it was Milken's team of crack criminal lawyers, led by Arthur Liman (who headed Congress's Iran-*contra* investigation), that decided a public relations consultant should join the Milken defense. The Robinson Lake firm had already been retained to help Drexel's principal political lobbyists, the Washington law firm of superlobbyist Robert Strauss. In the spring of 1988, as it became increasingly likely that federal prosecutors would move against Milken, Robinson Lake was retained by Milken's lawyers to work directly on his behalf. Last December, after Milken was forced out of Drexel as part of the firm's settlement of its own insider trading charges, Robinson Lake dropped Drexel and went to work exclusively for Milken. Jim Lake, the firm's Washington principal, was a campaign adviser to George Bush and Dan Quayle. Linda Robinson, the New York principal, is married to the chairman of American Express.

They probably don't give courses at Wharton on how to maintain respectability in the face of a 98-count federal indictment. But if they ever do, the still-evolving effort to preserve the reputation of Mike Milken might make an interesting case study. The Milken public relations campaign seems to focus on several emerging themes:

Exploit friendships with influential CEOs. In his junk bond

MARK HOSENBALL is a reporter in the Washington bureau of the London *Sunday Times*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Suffer the little children to come unto me
(N.Y. DAILY NEWS)

work, Milken assembled a coterie of entrepreneurs who owed their biggest deals, or even their careers, to him. Among them were such takeover commandos as Boesky, Ronald Perelman, Carl Icahn, and Sir James Goldsmith: a talented group in many ways, perhaps, but not much help in courting public opinion. But after his indictment, Milken managed to assemble a cheering section of reasonably presentable tycoons.

Led by Ralph Ingersoll, a newspaper publisher, and Selig Zises, the chairman of a New York insurance and money management firm, these captains of industry fanned out to give newspaper comments and TV sound bites. "Michael Milken is a social scientist, in my view, who happens to make his living as a banker," Ingersoll gushed in one interview. After Milken's indictment, Zises collected signatures from 90 prominent Milken admirers for a series of full-page ads in major newspapers under the headline "MIKE MILKEN, WE BELIEVE IN YOU." Among the signers was Jack Valenti, the former White House official and movie industry lobbyist. Despite an explicit query left with his secretary, Valenti was unavailable to explain why and how he came to be such an admirer of Milken. Lerer says that Milken's p.r. consultants did not orchestrate this campaign.

Make friends with influential blacks. One of the arguments that both Drexel and Milken have used in defense of junk bonds is that they make capital available to entrepreneurs who otherwise could not obtain it. Milken's friends claim that it was before 1987 when he and Drexel got the idea that this could be a boon to black businesses. But the evidence suggests that they didn't really do anything about it until that year, when Drexel, at Milken's urging, financed black businessman Reginald Lewis's $985 million acquisition of Beatrice Foods' international operations. A year later, at Milken's instigation, Drexel put up $35 million to back the publisher of the *Amsterdam News*, a black New York newspaper, in his unsuccessful bid for the *New York Post*. Following his indictment last winter, Milken was introduced at the National Conference of Black Mayors in Oakland, and accepted a standing ovation. In July he traveled to Indianapolis to accept the Marcus Garvey Award for Economic Freedom from 100 Black Men, an organization of 1,000 minority entrepreneurs. Jesse Jackson added to the chorus of praise by telling *Fortune* magazine: "Banks, S&Ls, and insurance companies have abandoned not just blacks but urban America. Mike Milken has a genuine interest in making capital accessible to people with ideas." Jackson's son Jonathan, a graduate student in business, was hired this summer as an intern with Drexel's junk bond division, but quit after the press found out.

Cultivate a concern about the Third World. Milken's scheme to solve the Third World debt crisis by creating a secondary market in poor countries' bonds predates 1987. But his interest in the subject has acquired a more flamboyant cast in recent months. In June, accompanied by an entourage of 40 American investors, Milken made a two-day excursion to Baja California to give pep talks to Mexican businessmen. Before he left for home, Mayor Federico Valdes Martinez presented him with the Key to the City of Tijuana.

Submerge yourself in charitable good works. Between 1982 and 1985, the Milken foundations paid out less than $1 million to charitable causes; in 1986 they paid out just over $2 million. But in 1987, after the Boesky scandal broke, the Milken foundations paid out nearly $11 million. By all the evidence, the giving has continued to grow. The Milken family's $93 million 1987 contribution into the foundations dwarfs the contributions of earlier years.

Milken's spokesman asserts that the explosion in Milken's generosity simply reflects, with a reasonable time lag, the explosion in his wealth. But whatever the explanation, this generosity is starting to pay dividends in timely recognition. Milken is not yet in the league of such champion philanthropic self-publicists as Armand Hammer, but he is making progress. A new Jewish community center near Milken's home is named after his father. After receiving $700,000 from a Milken foundation, the Urban League's Los Angeles chapter decided to build a Milken Family Literacy and Youth Training Center. Another San Fernando charity called the HELP group, which provides services to handicapped, disturbed, and abandoned children, decided to name a new residential facility the Milken Family Campus for Young Adults. Recent awards to Milken family charities include the Philanthropy Award from the Los Angeles

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Center for the Partially Sighted and the HELP group's humanitarian award.

Barbara Firestone, the HELP group's director, said that at a banquet for deprived children organized by the Variety Clubs in October 1987, Milken (whom she didn't know) came over and inquired whether some of the autistic children attending the banquet were hungry. He soon returned bearing plates heaped with food, and began chatting earnestly to Firestone about his concern for disturbed children. After learning who he was, Firestone wrote Milken a long letter. Milken rapidly became one of the group's leading supporters.

In the old days, Michael Milken was rarely seen at vulgar Hollywood events. Los Angeles party-goers say he is still not exactly a social butterfly. But he is gradually emerging into what passes for Hollywood society, particularly to accept recognition for his charitable good works. Last October, Milken appeared with Jamie Farr ("M*A*S*H") and Barbara Eden ("I Dream of Jeannie") at a fund-raiser for DARE, an anti-drug charity sponsored by the Los Angeles Police Department. The Milken foundations are big supporters of DARE. In March Milken turned up at a reception organized by the Starlight Foundation (and co-sponsored by *People* magazine) to celebrate the presentation of a humanitarian award to Whoopi Goldberg.

Lerer insists that the media have distorted his client's intentions. Last September, for example, shortly after the SEC sued him for insider trading, Milken was pictured on television escorting 1,700 disadvantaged children to a New York Mets game. Lerer says this event was not a publicity stunt; originally the media had not been invited and it was only an accident that they found out. Perhaps so. And perhaps Milken's interest in deprived children, black economic development, the Third World, etc., is both sincere and long-standing. The least we can say, then, is that his government-induced business setbacks have given him both the time and the inclination to devote more of himself to these worthy endeavors.

David Ellen provided research assistance on this article.

Vanity Press

In *The Predators' Ball* Connie Bruck quotes a Drexel employee's description of Michael Milken as one of the "most avaricious, ruthless, venal people on the face of the earth." If that widely believed image was inaccurate, Milken did little to correct it until his legal troubles started. Since then, a more enlightened approach has paid dividends. "Michael hates personal questions," says his flack, Ken Lerer. "He doesn't want to talk about his family." Ruthless interrogation by investigative reporters, however, has broken him down.

Vanity Fair contributing editor Jesse Kornbluth, for example, skewered Milken by asking him what his "dream day" would be like. "That would begin," Milken revealed, "with my wife calling me to say she's pregnant." Kornbluth also wormed out of Milken the fact that he found his first bond issue less satisfying than learning that his son was class valedictorian, along with several acts of philanthropy that Milken had tried to hush up.

For some reason *Vanity Fair* didn't publish Kornbluth's exposé. It appeared instead in a New Jersey paper, the *Trentonian*, owned by the Milkenite publisher Ralph Ingersoll III. The August issue of *Vanity Fair*, however, has an equally tough profile by Marie Brenner. What impressed Brenner the most was Milken's "modesty." She finds it in his house, his "style," even his "religion." Others have accurately noted that Milken lives more like a normal upper-middle-class suburbanite than like a zillionaire. But it is the special *Vanity Fair* touch to linger in appalled fascination over the "Kraft bottled dressing," the "paper napkins," and the "shabby blue patent-leather shoes." The napkins, by the way, are "not the fine-quality Servaides but the supermarket special, the Colortex hamper-size container, which the local Gelson's sells, three hundred for $2.09."

Brenner violates Milken's privacy to report that he is "immensely compassionate"—another "dimension of the man's real persona." He not only "obsesses with the needs of his two sons and daughter," but "he is apt to keep business acquaintances waiting for half an hour while he gets down on the floor to play with *their* kids." Raising his sights, "He dreams of solving the problems of illiteracy and emotional disturbance in children, and of finding a cure for epilepsy." He has a "passion for philanthropy." Brenner allows Milken to explain all of this himself: "I think of myself as a doctor. So many companies and people need help." (She fails to note that Milken is not very "modest" about his "compassion.")

If Milken has a "tragic flaw," it is his naivete. Brenner accuses him of being "positively myopic," if not "blind," to what the public would think about his huge salary or "elaborately staged events involving baseball games, Hispanic grocers, and crippled children." In his involvement with Ivan Boesky, she likens Milken to "a nuclear physicist isolated at Los Alamos in 1944." Neither saw "that he might be creating a lethal instrument capable of jeopardizing his own security." Oh, *that* explains it.

DAVID ELLEN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Getting Familiar

Eric Rohmer says he made most of his new film—not his newest, actually, but the latest to be released here—while waiting around to get the shots of the "green ray" for *Summer* (1986). The new arrival, called **Four Adventures of Reinette and Mirabelle** (New Yorker), has connections with *Summer*. It uses the same cinematographer, the same editor, and two of the same actors. Also, one of the adventures depends on a particular time of day, in this case the "blue hour" right before dawn, just as *Summer* depended on the "green ray" right before sunset.

Unlike *Summer*, however, Rohmer says this new film is not part of his current series, *Comedies and Proverbs*. It's hard to see why not: the tone is similar, and a Rohmerian proverb could easily be adduced as rubric. The dialogue also seems much like that of past Rohmer, to judge by subtitles, though he says it was improvised by the cast (and then takes writing credit anyway).

Reinette and Mirabelle consists of four episodes about two young women. The episodic form suits Rohmer well—revealingly well: its rightness points up why most of his other films in this decade seemed distended. Rohmer's dynamics tend to be vertical; he likes to delve into a territory that is pretty quickly marked out, rather than to press constantly forward horizontally in conventional narrative. Lately his choices of territory were not always worth the amount of delving he gave them. But here, with four episodes that average 25 minutes each, the method and the material fit each other nicely. The delicacy of what he is after in each case is not hurt through stretching.

Reinette is a country shopkeeper's daughter, living off by herself in an abandoned farmhouse while she paints. (The paintings we see were done by Joëlle Miquel, who plays the part.) She is full of vitality; she savors every incident and experience of the day. Mirabelle, a prematurely world-weary Parisian student, is spending the summer with her parents at their country house. One day—we are now in the first episode, "The Blue Hour"—Mirabelle is bicycling up a remote road when she gets a flat. This is just opposite Reinette's place. Reinette helps her, gives her a meal, tells her about the "blue hour," then invites her to stay overnight to see it the next morning.

The predawn moment—the "hour" is really only the moment between the time when the night birds grow quiet and the day birds begin—is spoiled by a tractor, so Mirabelle agrees to stay still another night. During the day the two of them visit neighboring farmers, obviously real farmers, in a flavorful scene reminiscent of Rouquier's farm film *Farrebique*. When Reinette says that next year she wants to go to art school in Paris, Mirabelle invites her to share her apartment since her present roommate is leaving. The matter is not immediately settled, because the two, the city sophisticate and the country enthusiast, are not completely affined.

Next morning they experience the "blue hour" together. The moment is so lovely that it unites them.

In the next episode, "The Waiter," they are living together in Paris. One morning they agree to meet at noon in a Montparnasse café. Reinette, still a stranger in Paris, has some amusing (and recognizable) experiences trying to find the place, then has a funny scene with a waiter because he won't break a large bill with which she wants to pay for a coffee. The trouble is worked out with the polish of a smart cabaret sketch.

"The Beggar, The Kleptomaniac, The Hustler" begins with Mirabelle helping, or meaning to help, a woman who is stealing things in a supermarket. Reinette is horrified when she learns of Mirabelle's attitude toward this theft, then has some odd encounters of her own in a railway station with a panhandler and a con woman (not a hustler in our sense). Again, a surprise finish.

"Selling the Picture" starts with the sophisticated Mirabelle teasing the voluble Reinette for talking too much. Reinette bets that she can keep from speaking for a whole day. As it turns out,

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Do the Right Thing. *A blockbuster about a Brooklyn block. Spike Lee's masterly directing and writing explore a black community and black-white feelings. The closing violence is unsettling in more than one way. (Reviewed 7/3/89)* **Lawrence of Arabia**. *Seize the chance to see the reconstituted original on a wide screen with stereophonic sound. It's wonderful. (2/20/89)* **A Taxing Woman's Return**. *The same director and actress who made* A Taxing Woman *once again pursue tax evaders in Tokyo. The same stimulating mixture of comedy, violence, sex, and cynicism. And, like the first, a bit too long. (8/7&14/89)* **When Harry Met Sally . . . .** *A Manhattan pair encounter at five-year intervals, while busy with other lovers, until at last they hook up. The plot and alleged themes are just scaffolding for bright dialogue and snappy performances. (8/21/89)* **—SK**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this is the day she must show a picture of hers to an art dealer. Still again, the episode has the lineaments of a refined skit.

In each of these episodes Rohmer takes time to enjoy the nuances of the moment, the small contradictions and surprises of dailiness. He never gives us the feeling of feverishly building to a payoff, of chuckling as he puts the pieces in place for the finish; thus the finish seems part of the body of the piece, not a mere tag.

All of the episodes, like all of Rohmer's films, are built on faith—a faith that may have its origins in the divine but is so concentrated on the worldly that it seems like sheer optimism. All is eventually for the best in Rohmer's world. Rebuff, travail, disappointment are all recompensed fully. But the recompense is so firmly entwined in Rohmer's credo that it is inevitable for him, the fulfillment of his character, nearly as wry as it is happy; so it's never syrupy.

The two young women, Miquel and Jessica Forde, are true instances of Rohmer casting. When we first see them, we can hardly believe that they are going to play principal roles, less because they are not conventionally attractive than because they both seem on their way somewhere else, pausing only to be in this film since the camera is there. But Rohmer finds ways to stimulate them while keeping them at their non-professional ease—a considerable feat—and finds attractions in them that we had not foreseen. They can hardly be called first-class actors, but (especially if the claim about improvisation is true) they have imagination and aplomb.

The English film **Distant Voices, Still Lives** (Avenue) is almost a dark unintentional parody of Rohmer: much heavy cinematic breathing with very little to say. I saw it last year at the Jerusalem Film Festival, after it had been shown at other festivals, and thought that festivals were the perfect venue for it. It's full of pictures and poses put forward for coterie admiration—what Rohmer might do if he were English, from a working-class background, and had less talent. It's the chronicle of a Liverpool working-class family from just before the Second War into the 1950s, the quarrels, joys, friends, the skewed love of the tyrannical father, the quiet heroism of the suffering mother, the marital fates of the children.

The author-director is Terence Davies, and the film is supposedly autobiographical in some degree. The method is pseudo-documentary black and white with sententious long takes—sometimes of an empty stairway or the front of the house—with the snipping and interweaving of time strands and the frequent singing of popular songs, especially in pubs.

For me the only real point of interest, the first and second times I saw the film, was its songs. They are almost all American, thus marking the long-gone day when Britain's popular music, its treasury of sentimental memories, was mostly manufactured abroad. Other than that, *Distant Voices* is a lot of ponderous apparatus applied to trite material, not even seen in any rewardingly familiar way. In *Hamlet*, when Polonius holds forth rhetorically, the queen says, "More matter, with less art." Hear, hear.

Herbert Muschamp on Architecture

How Buildings Remember

"Did you see the gas vans?" Claude Lanzmann asks Mrs. Michelsohn, an old German woman, in his film *Shoah*. Mrs. Michelsohn lived in Chelmno, 50 yards from the spot where Jews were loaded onto the vans at the first Nazi extermination center. "No," she answers at first, with a look of annoyance. Then her face registers the recognition that Lanzmann and his movie cameras will not be deflected. "Yes," she acknowledges, she saw the vans, "from the outside. They shuttled back and forth. I never looked inside; I didn't see Jews in them. I only saw things from the outside . . ."

She would rather talk of other things, things she saw from the inside: how primitive the living conditions were in Chelmno during the war; how there were no toilets, only privies; how her "pioneering spirit" sustained her. She never saw inside the vans, this pioneer, but she knew what went on there. From the outside, she heard the screams. "Horrifying screams. Screams of terror! Because they knew what was happening to them."

Lanzmann asks, "Do you know how many Jews were exterminated there?"

"Four something. Four hundred thousand, forty thousand."

"Four hundred thousand."

"Four hundred thousand, yes. I knew it had a four in it. Sad, sad, sad!"

It's chilling to watch the mechanisms of denial still at work 40 years later, to listen to a person speak of her experience with a mind still divided between what she saw and what she knew. For those with a knowledge of Modern architecture, there's an added shock of recognition in this woman's words. Asked to recall a catastrophic event in history, she inadvertently exposes the nerve of an issue that aroused a generation of architects to revolutionize their art.

When we walk down the street of any large city in the world today, and gaze up at the tall glass office towers that are still a virtual emblem of Modern architecture, we are looking at an architecture that began in a movement to erase the barriers between what we know and what we see. We are looking at a style of building designed to reveal the truth of the modern world to those who lived in it, a movement to dismantle the sham historical facades that screened the facts of industrial culture behind the elaborate pageantry of the 19th-century styles.

It was German architecture that first framed the formal program in which this ambition was attempted. In the years between the wars, the members of the German "Glass Chain" championed the use of glass not just for its aesthetic properties, but even more importantly for its potential as a tool for adjusting social psychology to the facts of modern life. Like Freud, Modern architects sought to improve mental hygiene by eliminating illusions. Masonry buildings connoted concealment, darkness, complacency, and disease, withdrawal from the real world. The substitution of transparent glass walls for opaque materials of brick and stone would wrench the world from its desire for coziness, for a retreat from reality into a fictitious past.

The glass towers in today's cities show how imperfectly this ambition was realized. We long ago learned to read these buildings as symbols of fantasy, privilege, and corporate power; and often, as with such projects as the Renaissance Center in Detroit, they are symbols of an escapism from urban reality scarcely less fantastic than the 19th century's retreat into period costume.

But the utopian aspirations of the Modern glass tower were subverted long before the corporate headquarters began their rigid march up Park Avenue. The Columbushaus, a Berlin skyscraper designed by Erich Mendelsohn in 1929, was among the first buildings to translate the Modern dream into built form. Com-

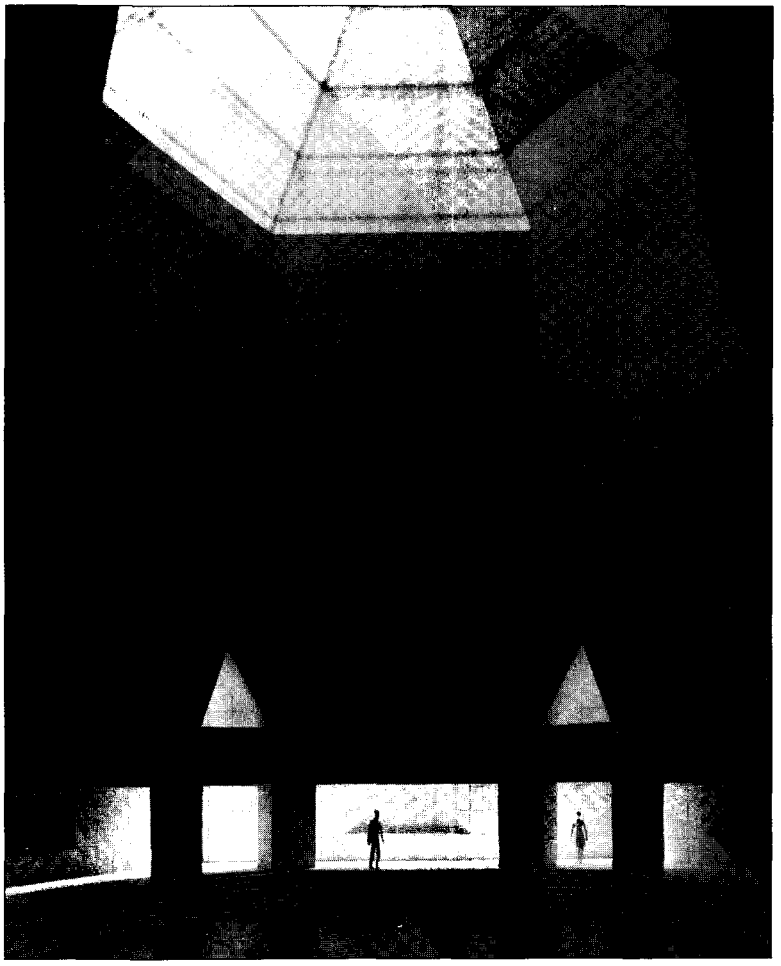
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pleted in 1932, the building was named by its developers after Columbus to emphasize that the building was a harbinger of the modernity associated with the New World. The Nazis had other plans. In February 1933, a month after Hitler became chancellor, the SS leased the new building's top six floors. Pleased with the open floor plan and the functional efficiency (service elevators were concealed at the rear of the building), the SS designed the space for use as a place to detain and to interrogate political prisoners. By the following month, this glass flower of Weimar culture had become, in effect, a high-rise concentration camp. In 1919 Paul Scheerbart, the leading theorist of glass architecture, had written that "a person who daily sets his eyes on the splendors of glass cannot do wicked deeds." But for three years, until the space proved too small, the SS operated its torture chamber in complete secrecy behind Mendelsohn's crisp glass facade.

What is most disturbing about Columbushaus, however, is not the stark contrast between the idealism embodied by the building and the brutality exercised by its tenants. It is, rather, the ideological echoes between the Modern and the Nazi programs of social reform: the violent wrenching of society from old habits to construct a new social order; the flattening of privacy and individual difference beneath structures emphasizing mass, scale, and standardization. Above all, perhaps, they shared a mania for purity, for rooting out and purging elements unconducive to the new dispensation. "Hurray for the transparent, the clear! Hurray for purity!" wrote Bruno Taut in 1919. "Death to everything stuffy!"

Too much can be made of the parallels between the Moderns and the Nazis. The two movements envisioned different ends and proposed different means to reach them. Taut's call for death was directed at ideas, not at human beings; to him, the vision of "everlasting architecture" called forth a "kingdom without force," not a thousand-year Reich built on genocide. Modern architects were the victims of Hitler, rarely his willing collaborators. Mendelsohn, a Jew, left Germany the day after Hitler attained power and never returned.

Still, to look back at a building like Columbushaus is to risk a loss of faith in the privileged status that surrounds artistic ideas, the status that declares one form of purity to be symbolic and another form of purity to be all too real. It is to see that the difference between artistic ideology and political propaganda does not preclude disturbing overlaps between them; that architecture is not just the making of places where historical events transpire, but an activity bound up tightly in form and meaning with those events.



THE HALL OF REMEMBRANCE.
COURTESY OF I. M. PEI AND PARTNERS

If we think of glass in connection with the Holocaust, the image most likely to arise is the shattered glass of smashed shop windows sparkling in German streets. Like Columbus Prison, the memory of Crystal Night also mocks the belief that exposing the darker recesses of life can (in Scheerbart's words) "raise our culture to a higher level." For here was an event that did not take place behind opaque walls. Here was an eruption of brutality whose visibility to the entire world did nothing to weaken the world's determination to deny the evidence of its senses.

Now, 50 years after Crystal Night, we have a flourishing type of architecture nurtured by the belief that visibility can defeat denial. Holocaust museums are not only monuments to an event in history. They are also offerings to an idea about history, to the idea of Santayana, inscribed on the wall at the exit of the museum at Dachau, that those who will not learn from it are condemned to repeat it. Holocaust museums are shrines to the therapeutic properties of memory, as cure and as prevention. They embody the hope that making the past a visible part of the present will help to keep it in the past, to prevent it from reaching out of its burial ground to clutch the future.

Holocaust museums also affirm a belief in the power of architecture to make ideas visible. Books, paintings, sculptures, films, television shows, photographs, and even musical compositions have kept the Holocaust before the eyes of the world. But Holocaust museums are grounded in the belief that buildings can establish that visibility on a permanent basis, as though their size, their placement in the context of daily life, and their capacity to house as well as to depict events give them a claim to reality—and to its meaning—beyond that exercised by other works of art.

These claims—to permanence, to reality, to objective truth—account for some of the discomfort aroused in some people's minds by Holocaust museums. There are many who do not question the importance of learning from history—people whose shelves groan beneath the weight of books on the Holocaust; who are profoundly moved by a film like *Shoah* or by Anselm Kiefer's paintings—who are quicker to see the problems than the benefits of a building dedicated to recalling the nightmare. They complain that Holocaust museums have become a kind of industry that exists to produce replicas almost as mechanically as fast-food franchises; that they seem to serve the social ambitions of rich Jews more faithfully than the cause of historical un-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

derstanding; that they undermine the impartiality of history by linking the Holocaust to the politics of Israel (even that they undermine political support for Israel by providing a sop); that they present to the world a view of Jewish culture dominated by the theme of victimization.

Underlying these objections is the assumption that architecture must be held to a higher standard of morality because it is a less personal form of art than music, painting, even a miniseries. The implication is that a building about the Holocaust is the reflection not of individual desires, but of history's impartial judgment that such a building deserves a prominent place in the fabric of public life. As such, what may be most unsettling about a Holocaust museum is the proximity of this conventional view of architecture to the fascist conception of art: that it is the business of art to represent a collective view of the world.

On the one hand, there is a lot of rhetoric framed with the intention of placing Holocaust museums above criticism. On the other hand, a lot of rhetoric is aimed at persuading us that the Holocaust should be placed above the reach of art. And both these ideas, that the Holocaust museum must be above criticism and that the Holocaust is above art, reflect a third idea, that the Holocaust is more a matter of religion than of history, not the religion of Judaism but the religion of itself. Of course, the Holocaust has filled a theological void; for a secular culture, unable to turn to religion for an authoritative standard of absolute good, history has provided us with as close as we are likely to come to a standard of absolute evil. In this sense, at least, the Holocaust museum cannot escape the sanctity of the temple.

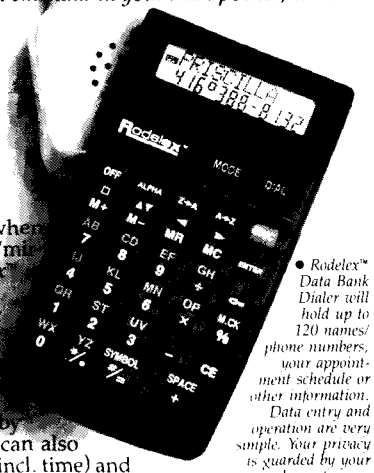
Yet I think it is possible to be skeptical and still conclude that this moment in our history offers us no greater opportunity in architecture than a building that bears witness to the Holocaust—to the specific atrocities committed at the death camps; to the general themes of inhumanity, of recognizing it, of acting on that recognition. Yes, the Holocaust may have become a business bound up with social, political, and economic agendas. No, such a building will not prevent cruelty from occurring again in the world, even in the building's own shadow (we should already be prepared for the midnight visits of swastika-happy vandals). But all this does not mean that the ideal of preventing inhumanity should not be physically, architecturally embodied.

To visit the Mall in Washington, for a

Carry a telephone dialing system and appointment calendar in your shirt pocket, with...

Rodelex™ Data Bank Dialer only $49.95*

But read this ad for an even better deal!



Even at this stage of the electronic revolution when, somewhat jadedly, we have begun to take "miracles" for granted, the performance of the ***Rodelex™ Data Bank Dialer*** is nothing less than startling. It's not much larger than a business card, but it holds up to 120 names and telephone numbers (addresses or other info if you wish). Hold it to the phone, press the "dial" button and you will immediately be connected with your party. Names are retrieved instantly by "scrolling" or by pushing one or two identification buttons. You can also use the ***Data Bank*** for scheduling appointments (incl. time) and for storing other information. Naturally (those things are now taken for granted), the ***Data Bank Dialer*** is also a full-function calculator, performing all 'standard' operations, including per cent, memory, etc.

• *Rodelex™ Data Bank Dialer will hold up to 120 names/phone numbers, your appointment schedule or other information. Data entry and operation are very simple. Your privacy is guarded by your personal secret access code. Works on one standard mercury cell (installed).*

We are the exclusive importers of Rodelex™ superior electronic products in the United States and can bring you the ***Data Bank Dialer*** —probably the most advanced instrument of its kind—for just $49.95. But, we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $99.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Throw those cluttered address books, those clumsy desk files away. They are strictly from 'yesterday.' Get smart, get organized and get efficient, Get the ***Rodelex™ Data Bank Dialer*** today!

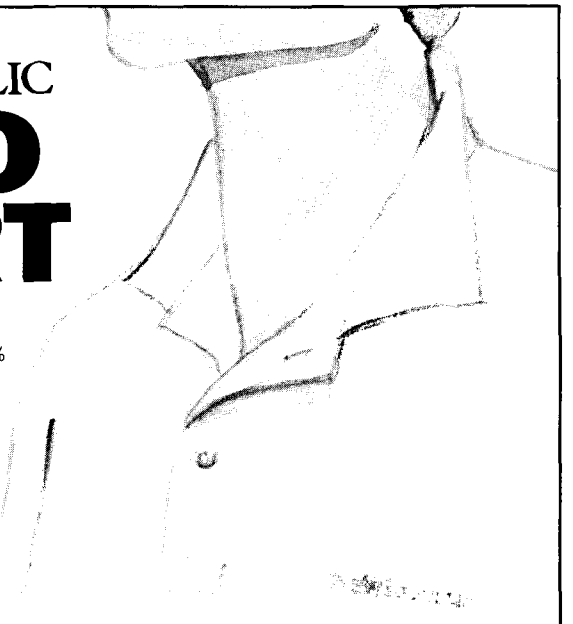
FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 621-1203
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **Code #4064 A014** for ***Rodelex™ Data Bank Dialer***. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. UPS / insurance: $5.95 for one and $6.95 for three ***Dialers***. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30 day return and one year warranty.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

THE NEW REPUBLIC
POLO SHIRT



The New Republic is proud to present the ultimate fashion statement: The New Republic polo shirt. Fashioned out of 100% cotton and custom embroidered with our attractive new logo, The New Republic polo will become the staple of your casual wardrobe. It also makes the perfect gift for TNR aficionados on your shopping list. The New Republic polo is available in crisp white with the logo embroidered in navy blue, in adult sizes, small, medium, large and extra large. Only $24.50 per shirt plus $1.25 per shirt for shipping. Satisfaction guaranteed! Order yours today.

To: THE NEW REPUBLIC POLO SHIRT OFFER, 1220 19th Street NW, Washington, DC 20036

Please send me _____ polo shirt(s) in size(s) _____

I have enclosed a check/money order in the amount of _____ to cover the cost of the shirt ($24.50 each) plus shipping ($1.25 each) plus applicable sales tax (D.C. Residents add 6%.) My address is:

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Phone _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thirtysomething critic, is not a simple matter. It means recalling the Official Script read and duly absorbed from the marble on the fifth-grade school trip circa 1960; the antithetical eruption just a few years later, when the temples came to look like a cruel hoax organized by J. Edgar Hoover; and then the recognition that one's anger was a step toward engagement with the meaning of these monuments, toward accepting the responsibility for action, for realizing the changes on which liberal culture depends.

Part of what makes Maya Ling's Vietnam Memorial so moving is that it recreates a public occasion out of this personal experience. It is moving in itself to discover that a monument can genuinely move you. The message is not simply that thousands of young Americans did not give their lives in vain (whatever the lesson we draw from their sacrifice); it is also that stones are not erected in vain, that they can claim a value greatly surpassing the cost and effort it takes to build them. This discovery can transform the way we see the other monuments. We may trudge from the Vietnam Memorial over to the Lincoln Memorial, look up, and feel that even though we remain unreceptive to a race of marble giants, we are willing to accept the message coded in their inhuman scale. We, too, can have ideas bigger than our individual concerns, and make individual contributions to implement them. On the Mall, in short, one may learn to be receptive to symbolic language.

Last February I went to look at the plot of earth where the Holocaust Museum is now under construction. It was a cold, cloudy day with snow in the air. The earth was gouged into deep brown furrows. Since I'd seen Kiefer's paintings not long before, I found it easy to imagine a Holocaust memorial that would be nothing more than what I saw that day: a chilly field of rough ly plowed dirt, a site of burial and disinterment, of bodies, of history, of truth.

The Mall puts you in the state of mind to see *everything* symbolically. I was struck by a large sign at the site announcing that the general contractor for the Holocaust Museum is named "Gassman." (A friend remarked that the guy must have come in with a very low bid.) And it seemed similarly insensitive to symbolism that a monument to counteract anti-Semitism should be wedged between the Bureau of Printing and Engraving and the Bureau of Accounting. For a moment I felt I'd stumbled into the Mall's secret ghetto, into a marble equivalent of the old medieval quarter of money lenders.

Some, including survivors of the Holocaust, have argued that a Holocaust Museum has no legitimate place in this symbolic center of American life. It's hard to believe that they've ever been to the Washington Mall. Out-of-placeness is the essence of the place. The Mall is packed with artifacts of foreign experience—museums of African and Asian art, masterpieces of the Italian Renaissance—elements that remind us, more eloquently than Greek and Roman forms, that ours is a culture of aliens. But more than that, the Mall is an epic abstraction, where nothing is rooted in anything like a central cultural experience. Indeed, its neoclassical vocabulary was devised in 18th-century Europe precisely to transcend nationalism, and to articulate the ideal of universal laws—the rational categories of history, science, art, government, and justice—that underlie differences of time and place. The Mall is where rationalism welcomes pluralism, because finally pluralism is the most rational way to live.

The United States Holocaust Memorial Museum will be a five-story building, clad on three sides with buff-colored limestone, on the fourth flanked by tower-like shapes of red brick. The museum will contain 225,000 square feet of floor space (roughly two-and-a-half times the size of the Whitney Museum in New York). The museum's permanent exhibition will occupy about a quarter of this space. Divided into three segments and spread out over as many floors, the exhibition will trace the repression of the Jews (1933-39), the implementation of the Final Solution (1939-45), and finally the struggle in the decades since to make meaning of the Holocaust. The top floor of the building will house library facilities, study rooms, and administrative offices. Two auditoriums and meeting and conference rooms will be located on a concourse level below ground.

In addition to these programmatic spaces, the museum will contain two large ceremonial halls whose primary function will be to arouse reflections on the Holocaust through the medium of architecture itself. The Hall of Witness, an atrium-like space, extends nearly the full length of the building and rises five stories to a skylight roof. It serves as a circulation spine for access to various parts of the building. Attached to the building's west side, but projecting forward from it into a forecourt overlooking the Tidal Basin, is a monumentally scaled Hall of Remembrance, a place for contemplation following the viewing of the exhibition. The forecourt commands a stirring prospect of "symbolic Washington," with views of the Lincoln and Jefferson monuments, as well as the Tidal Basin. Other vantage points within the building offer glimpses of the Washington Monument and the White House.

Woven into the city's symbolic fabric by these views, the building is also stitched into its physical context by the use of materials (limestone and brick) and proportions that echo the buildings immediately adjacent. Any new building on the Mall must satisfy, of course, the conservative taste of the Washington Commission of Fine Arts, and from the outside, at least, this building fits the governing neoclassical ethos of order, harmony, and reason. Within this package of deference to local and national myth, however, lies a message of skepticism about the power of these values to determine human affairs.

James Ingo Freed, the architect selected to design the United States Holocaust Museum, is well acquainted with the Rule of Reason and its architectural representation. He began his career as an associate of Mies van der Rohe, the architect whose pared-down steel and glass towers epitomized the "New Objectivity" with which German architects in the 1920s moved away from the Romantic sensibility of Expressionist architecture toward a rational, pragmatic approach. He was a student at the Illinois Institute of Technology, the Chicago academy where Mies relocated after leaving Germany in 1938; and in the 1970s, Freed was dean of IIT's School of Architecture.

Since 1956 Freed has been associated with I. M. Pei, an architect whose work has epitomized the corporate acceptance of a once radical style of design. The projects Freed has designed for Pei—Kips Bay Plaza apartments, the Jacob Javits Convention Center, 499 Park Avenue—are late Modern classics that achieve visual interest through the minimal manipulation of expressed structure and geometric form. (To some critics, Freed is glibly known as "Mr. Space Frame.") Unlike many architects of his generation, he has never accepted the erosion of the Modern movement as a historical inevitability.

Freed also has a strong personal connection to the Holocaust. Born in Germany, he was a young child at the time of Crystal Night. His family left Germany abruptly, but several relatives who were unable to leave perished in the camps. (One reason Freed has continued to embrace Modernism may be that he has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

something personal at stake in regarding the Modern movement as the struggle of enlightened values against the forces of unreason.)

When Freed was asked to design the building, he recognized that there were two different approaches an architect could follow. The first was to design the building as a more or less neutral container, in effect a shed that could house dinosaur skeletons or abstract expressionist canvases as easily as photographs of Treblinka. The second approach was to make the container one with the contained: to make architecture express the experience to which the building is dedicated.

I. M. Pei is a firm that specializes in giving the grand treatment to the first approach. Had this been a typical Pei project, Freed might merely have joined structural acrobatics to powerful abstract geometric forms and left another team of designers to install the building's content. But this is not a typical project. It is a building in which the symbolic meanings of forms take precedence over architectural abstractions; in which the sleek unity of the architectural package has been fragmented and exploded; in which allusions to architectural history verge on a Post-Modern sensibility.

How does a building represent a catastrophe? What forms do you use to create an American building for an event that occurred far away? How does an architect schooled in the International Style deal with another nation's frenzy of nationalism? For a site like the Mall, whose neoclassical forms are typically read as nationalistic symbols? At a time when the International Style has also lost its original meaning? Having chosen the second approach, to make the container one with the contained, Freed faced the challenge of devising a vocabulary capable of realizing it.

Obviously, the American continent offered Freed no source of explicit formal reference to the Holocaust itself. There are no concentration camp buildings in Washington to preserve; no piles of the effects of victims, no vandalized tombstones to mount up into a monument; no explicitly religious symbolism congruent with national belief; no view that can be framed through a window of streets where shop windows were shattered and citizens herded into trucks. What Freed could draw upon, rather, was the tradition of the Mall itself: the architectural vocabulary of the State, and its sometimes troubling relationship with the architecture of modernity, from the Enlightenment to now.

What Freed has done is to collide two kinds of vocabulary in this work. The first, most evident on the building's exterior, is drawn from the architecture of the "Empire of Reason" that shapes official Washington, from the roots of Enlightenment to the glazed space frame of the 20th century. Freed's use of this vocabulary is most evident in the elevations at either end of the building, facing the two streets from which visitors will enter. The main entrance to the building is marked by a freestanding screen, classically proportioned, capped by a cornice. At the opposite end, the severe geometry of the Hall of Remembrance recalls the "radical classicism" with which 18th-century architects sought to translate enlightened values into physical structure. The elevation behind this pavilion is of conventional Modern design: a prismatic tent of glass capping a masonry wall, a wall that could have been lifted intact from the science lab of any state university campus built in the last quarter century.

But Freed has not used this vocabulary of the res publica uncritically. He understands that the story his building tells is about the use of official masks of high ideals to veil inner horrors. He is aware that the entrance facade to the building recalls the historicism of Post-Modernism. While this satisfies the requirements of the art commission, Freed also intends it as a criticism of Post-Modernism's complacent fetishising of classical manners to cover up our inner life. He has separated the classically symmetrical entrance from the building because he wants it to be just that: a screen, a facade with no true relationship to what is going on inside.

And it is inside that the second of Freed's formal vocabularies comes into full play. This vocabulary is also drawn from the history of architecture, but it is an unwritten history, unwritten at least in the history of architecture: the history of the ghettos and the death camps. Freed acquainted himself with this history on a trip to Europe. Finding himself creatively blocked while working on the design, he visited camp sites and later did research in photography archives. He studied the characteristic forms of the ghettos: the street plans, the wooden bridges that led from one quarter of the ghetto over a public thoroughfare to another quarter. He looked, then, at the architecture of death: the metal gates, sometimes elaborately designed, with inscriptions like "Work Makes You Free"; the shape of the oven doors; the metal bands placed around the ovens whose walls were at risk of explosion from uninterrupted use; the forms of the windows, with their shutters often closed; and, looming always, the watch-

THE
NEW REPUBLIC
SUBSCRIBER
SERVICE IS ONLY
A PHONE CALL
AWAY.
Do you have any questions about payments? Change of address? Delivery or other subscription problems?
Just pick up your phone and dial our toll-free hotline at
800-525-0643
(In Co: 303-447-9330)
Our operators are specially trained to provide you with quick, efficient subscription service.
For most efficient service, please have a copy of your latest magazine handy. If you have a question concerning payment, please have a copy of your cancelled check in front of you so we can quickly resolve your problem over the phone.
Of course, we can still handle your business by mail if you prefer. Simply send us a copy of your address label from the front of your last magazine and your change of address or other correspondence to:
THE NEW REPUBLIC
P.O. Box 56515
Boulder, CO 80322-6515
Request for new subscriptions, renewals of current subscriptions and gift subscriptions should also be sent to the address above.
By phone or by mail, TNR Subscriber Service has never been easier.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

towers, symbols of control, and of its loss.

The Hall of Witness, a 6,000-square-foot space, is a work that synthesizes Freed's journey of discovery, incorporating abstracted versions of camp and ghetto architecture, communicating on a large spatial scale his own emotional fracture. It is a remarkable composition, almost an anti-composition, made of parts that do not fit or are about to come apart at the seams. Floors drop away before meeting walls, leaving long open trenches that must be crossed by short bridges, their entrances guarded by thin metal gates. Strips of glass block are set into the floor to create the sense of fracture, of the loss of solid ground.

At the far wall, toward which visitors walk to reach the exhibition halls, panels of marble are shattered with an enormous fissure, a symbol of the breakdown in a civilization, but a breakdown also in an architect's capacity to convey what he has seen and felt. The walls of the room are of brick, punctuated with false windows concealed by closed shutters, and spanned by wide metal bands, as if to contain some invisible horror expanding within. Spanning the full length of the hall is no mere Modern space frame, but a series of roof trusses, their metal forms twisted as if under pressure from walls closing in. Visible through the trusses, looming over the entire space, are four square brick blocks that recall watch towers.

These two formal vocabularies derive from a common source: they are the two faces of the State. And when we leave the building and take a second look from the outside, we see that these faces are not cleanly separated from each other, but wrap around each other, poke through each other, dissolve into one another, as though the official body of the State were slowly revolving to face us with a gun. We see that the brick that seems designed to harmonize so happily with the Bureau of Accounting is in fact derived from the barracks at Auschwitz. The roofline that recalls Louis Kahn's Richards Medical Building at the University of Pennsylvania could be the source of machine fire directed against escaping internees. The commissioners who sent Freed back to the drawing board with the complaint that the Hall of Remembrance looked too much like a gun turret weren't your usual philistines; they were picking up on the way the building's mood alters our perception of its parts, from benign or idealistic to sinister and violent. (In viewing an earlier version of the entrance facade, some observers were struck by the resemblance of the cornice to the brim of an SS officer's hat.)

The Hall of Remembrance has six sides. It is hexagonal because when Freed was approached to undertake the design, he was asked whether he had any objection to including a six-sided enclosure as a feature of the project. He answered that he did not. He understood the request as a reference to the six million Jews who lost their lives under the Nazi regime; we might also infer a reference to the Star of David. The six sides do not touch but stand slightly separated from each other, like six tablets, or six tombstones. The Hall of Remembrance, in other words, is not quite the empty void suggested by its abstract geometric forms. It is an example of architectural rhetoric, in which the building has been enlisted to subvert gently the museum's official mandate to erect a "nonsectarian" memorial. Probably few visitors to the Holocaust Museum will even bother to count the sides, much less equate a hexagon with a statistic. A more explicit reference to the Jewishness of the Holocaust would risk offending those eager to exploit the irony of an excluded subculture excluding others.

Still, as I contemplate what it might feel like to sit inside this space for contemplation, I find myself grateful to the museum and to the architect for resisting the blanket assimilation called for by the official mandate, for insisting on the "Jewishness" of this catastrophe. Not only because Jews were overwhelmingly Hitler's victims, but because it is Jewish survivors who have created a place for the Holocaust in contemporary consciousness by making so conspicuous a symbol as this building. To sit inside this hexagonal pavilion is to be reminded that it is through its meaning as a Jewish experience that the Holocaust has been recovered as something unresolved in the experience of others.

What Freed's two vocabularies also have in common is that both are architecture. Freed visited the camps not only as a refugee from the Nazis, but also as a member of a profession that has identified itself with ethics as well as economics. And what struck him was that the ghettos and the death camps and all the parts of which they were made had been *designed*. Albert Speer was not the only architect designing for Hitler. The machinery of death, too, had an architecture. And it, even more than Speer's, was an architecture of reason, an architecture of order carried to madness, a rectilinear environment constructed to house and to destroy bodies. Indeed, it was the strict order of industrial architecture that appealed to the pioneer Modernist. In the Hall of Witness, Freed is bearing witness not only to "others." He is taking note of the role architecture has played in causing and concealing the events of others. He is forcing the official architecture to confront the hidden.

The fragmentation of the building's forms, and in particular the warping of the roof trusses, has led some observers to see an affinity between this building and some of the work exhibited in last year's "Deconstructivist Architecture" show at the Museum of Modern Art. But Freed's thinking is miles away from the positions of that movement. He does not accept the Frankfurt School view that the Holocaust was a consequence of the Enlightenment, not a deviation from it. At the pinnacle of his building, he has placed study rooms for scholars inside the forms derived from the watchtowers of the camps. The ultimate inside-out, it is the affirmation of a liberal's belief in the power of learning to dispel likeness.

As the record of an artist's search for meaning, Freed's building affirms the Enlightenment belief in having the courage to use your own understanding (in Kant's famous formulation of "the motto of the Enlightenment"). The hexagonal shape of Freed's design reminds us of the extent to which the controversies over the meaning of the Holocaust—indeed, over the right of the artist to seek that meaning in visual images—lie in the erosion of religious systems that once served to interpret experience, and to sanction all the forms of visual representation. The search for meaning is now truly a search, not a surrender to those eager to impose meaning from outside: the state, the church, the historian, the architecture critic. And for Kant, the search was vital to resist that imposition: "Those guardians who have kindly taken supervision upon themselves see to it that the overwhelming majority of mankind should consider the step to maturity not only as hard, but as extremely dangerous." That was the problem faced by the schoolteacher's wife in *Shoah*. She had allowed her inside to be formed from the outside, by the ideology that encouraged her and her husband to mistake a poisonous myth for reality.

It isn't only totalitarian governments that generate such myths. I'm curious to know what the National Air and Space Museum (an earlier Pei building, in the firm's deluxe box mode) will look like to the schoolchild who has just been exposed to an exhibition on Auschwitz. Just down the Mall, the Holocaust Museum will be illustrating the consequences

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of accepting a symbolic language of propaganda as reality. We will see what went on behind the veils of national identity, chosen destiny, collective spirit. At Air and Space, meanwhile, the project of nationalism, including the evidence of a possible holocaust to come, proceeds, and it is shrouded in the veils of progress and internationalism. The Spirit of St. Louis has not been placed here to disturb us with the hints of a possible link between Lindbergh's heroic high spirits and his attraction to fascism. The missiles have not been raised up on their retroburners to teach of Operation Paperclip, the postwar U.S. recruitment of Nazi scientists.

Freed knows that, unlike Air and Space, his building is part of a wave of "anti-monuments," of which Maya Ling's was the first and the Holocaust Museum is by no means the last. These works may look alien to neoclassicism's stately colonnades, but they remind us that the Mall's marble columns grew, like modern democracy and modern architecture, from the soil of the critical tradition. Far from violating the spirit of the Mall's architecture, these structures uncover its roots.

War and Pieces

BY TOMAS VENCLOVA

August 1914: The Red Wheel/Knot I by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn translated by H. T. Willetts

(Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 854 pp., $50, $19.95 paper)

This unusual book appears at an unusual moment. Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, who was forcibly exiled from the Soviet Union in February 1974, has just been reinstated by the Soviet Writer's Union. This past June his great short story "Matryona's House," an early work, was published in the popular Moscow weekly *Ogonyok*. *Novy Mir*, the most significant literary journal in the Soviet Union, is about to publish three chapters of *The Gulag Archipelago*. (The very act of reading that book was a punishable offense not long ago.) Many public figures in the Soviet Union, including writers of the so-called "rural school" who trace their literary lineage to "Matryona's House," as well as Moscow liberals who disagree with most of Solzhenitsyn's views, are urging the government to restore his citizenship.

In sum, the Soviet Union is in the throes of a reform provoked, at least in part, by Solzhenitsyn's writing and political activities. And it is precisely at this moment that Solzhenitsyn, who lives in self-imposed seclusion in Vermont, has begun the publication in English of the full text of an immense epic that he considers much more than a literary work. According to the author, *August 1914* and its sequels (the concluding volume, *April 1917*, is still unfinished) provide decisive answers to the enigmas of the Russian Revolution and the subsequent history of the world. These are books of prophecy about Russia's future, and a program for its spiritual rebirth.

One can hardly question Solzhenitsyn's formidable achievements. The very first fiction he managed to publish, *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* (1962), was hailed, not without reason, as a work of genius equal to the work of Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky. It changed the literary atmosphere in the Soviet Union forever. The entire output of Socialist Realism became null and void the moment that small, grim, and artistically perfect narrative was published. There followed several short stories of the same moral import, and of high literary merit. The great novels, *The First Circle* and *The Cancer Ward*, were condemned to samizdat, which only increased their power and influence. I remember reading them in secret, as did many thousands of Soviet citizens; it was an unmatched lesson in truth and dignity for every one of us. Then came *The Gulag Archipelago*, a book that contributed to the present crisis of totalitarianism more than any book ever written. At the time of his exile, Solzhenitsyn was rightly considered the best and the bravest of living Russian writers, perhaps the most outstanding writer in the world.

I am obliged to recall these well-known facts, since I am about to make a statement I would prefer to avoid: *August 1914* is a pitiful failure, artistically and intellectually. It is a difficult task to judge

Call for any book

- Immediate shipment worldwide.
- Credit cards or check. • Ask about our overnight gift delivery nationwide. • Free monthly New Title Forecast. • Mail orders welcome.
- Open 24 hours every day.

BOOK CALL

1-800-255-2665

In CT or Worldwide (203) 966-5470

59 Elm Street, New Canaan, CT 06840

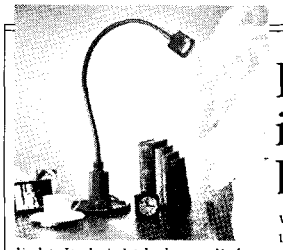
ANGLOPHILES! Seeking your favorite English B&Bs, pubs, tea rooms, etc. Please respond by September 20 to 10337 Bushman Drive, Oakton, Va. 22124.

HOW TO EXECUTE AN AGENCY

by E. Waterhouse Allen

Wicked, informed satire about Bureaucratic Types you should recognize! Distilled from 50 years work in human service agencies. 1st edit., $3.95.

BARK-BACK
P.O. Box 235, Glenshaw, PA 15116.



Read in Bed...

with pleasure using our Sunnex light. Its bright halogen light, recessed in a cool shade, illuminates your page–not your partner. Sturdy 27" gooseneck. In matte black.

$157 incl. UPS & ins. MA res. add 5% tax
MC/VISA/Check • Money-Back Guarantee
Call 617-484-0014 Catalog on Request

LEVENGER–Tools for Serious Readers
480-C Concord Ave., Dept NRK, Belmont, MA 02178

IN ENGLAND, the Union Jack is (quite legally) used on undergarments. Just think. If we make stars-and-stripes lingerie, feminists could burn their bras and flags at the same time.

For an introductory 15-issue subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW for just $17.95, call 800-222-6806.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the book objectively. One is aware of the despicable stuff written about Solzhenitsyn by the Soviet press before and during his exile; it is not easy to criticize a writer so shamelessly defamed by Stalinist hacks. But the truth must be told.

Solzhenitsyn thought about writing a long novel on the Russian Revolution as early as 1937 (when his attitude to the revolution differed considerably from his attitude today). Interrupted by Stalin's terror, by war and imprisonment, he resumed his work in 1963. The work became a vast, half-documentary narrative under the common title *The Red Wheel*, divided into something the author calls "knots" ("concentrated and minutely detailed accounts of events within strictly limited periods of time, with complete breaks between them"). *August 1914* forms the first "knot." It covers two weeks at the very beginning of World War I, when the Russian army suffered a humiliating defeat in East Prussia (now northeastern Poland). Solzhenitsyn served in combat on that terrain as a Soviet artilleryman 30 years later. (He was also arrested there.) His firsthand knowledge of the region is obvious and impressive, even if it is overworked to the point of boredom.

In 1971, three years before Solzhenitsyn's exile, *August 1914* was published in Paris in the original Russian version. One year later an English translation appeared. The reviews were polite, though they lacked enthusiasm. Compared with Solzhenitsyn's other staggering works, *August 1914* looked traditional and long-winded. Later it became clear that the 1971 version of the novel was just a first draft. In exile Solzhenitsyn added more than 300 pages, many of them in small print, introducing such pivotal historical figures as Lenin, Nicholas II, and Pyotr Stolypin (the prime minister of Russia who was assassinated before the war, in 1911). The novel received its final form in Vermont, and was published in Russian in 1983. In that form it stood as a very definite judgment on the roots of the October Revolution, and on all the Russian misfortunes that followed. This is the version that has now been made available in English in a diligent translation by H. T. Willetts.

The enlarged novel caused a heated discussion among Soviet émigrés (and also in some of the English press). The reasons were twofold. First, Solzhenitsyn's views, expressed in the novel with utmost clarity, proved to be strictly conservative. He treated Russian liberals of the early 20th century with the kind of contempt he was thought to have reserved for Bolsheviks. If anything, his sarcasm about liberals was even more biting. Second, there were portions of the book that seemed anti-Semitic. One could try to prove that this was not the case, but the proof required a stretch of the imagination. There were critics, many of them Jewish, who repudiated such charges against the great writer; and Solzhenitsyn himself rejected the accusation.

Thus readers have been divided into two camps. For many of them, Solzhenitsyn remains a cult figure, exempt from criticism; attempts to find fault with his thinking, or to raise doubt about the artistic quality of his new writing, are attributed to envy, to a KGB assignment, or to both. (Solzhenitsyn, not surprisingly, subscribes to this view of his critics.) Reviewers and readers in the other camp are appalled by Solzhenitsyn's present ideas. A Russian writer who befriended him in the 1960s, and who helped collect historical materials for *August 1914*, once said to me in genuine horror: "He managed to cheat all of us. He deceived two generations."

In its present state, *August 1914* is a misshapen and barely readable work. The device of the "knot" looks promising: the very idea of writing a "microscopic history," of focusing on a moment of extraordinary historical density, is ambitious and interesting. But the book disintegrates before our eyes.

It begins with a family chronicle reminiscent of Mann, Martin du Gard, and, of course, Tolstoy. Several characters are introduced in an old-fashioned manner, with genealogies, biographies, flashbacks, and so on. Most, if not all, of them are patterned after real people, including Solzhenitsyn's father and his other relatives. But after page 68 they simply disappear, just as the reader is starting to develop an interest in their fates. Some reappear randomly much later, some do not. Presumably their life stories will be rounded up in future "knots." To judge by the sequels that have already appeared in Russian, however, this is not always the case.

Then there is a very detailed description of warfare in East Prussia, with a map and several exhaustive tactical surveys in small print. These surveys may be skipped by most readers without any harm. But even if one omits them, the abundance of names, numbers, and obscure military terms is mind-numbing. Several characters come to the fore: General Samsonov, a simpleminded and honest man of duty, who commits suicide after the obliteration of his army by the Germans; Colonel Vorotyntsev, a brave and energetic leader who admires German civilization but remains unswervingly patriotic; and Ensign Lenartovich, a radical who longs for Russia's ruin. They are surrounded by careerists, retainers, and dunderheads whose incompetence and corruption cost Russia much soldiers' blood. The czarist regime is depicted as totally inefficient and rotten. However strange it may sound, Solzhenitsyn's judgment here coincides, almost to the letter, with the standard judgment of Soviet history textbooks.

Finally, there are at least three "novels within the novel" that throw the book wholly out of balance: a tedious survey of the Russian revolutionary movement presented as a dialogue between a young girl named Veronika and her two incredibly silly aunts, who are supposed to represent Russian liberal opinion; a virtually endless account of Prime Minister Stolypin's reforms and of his assassination; and a rather ironic biography of Nicholas II based mainly on his diaries. (There is also a story about Lenin that is an exception, brief and to the point.) All of this, taken together, looks clumsy.

Of course, there are the striking metaphors, the precise and innovative similes, the palpable images that can be expected of a great writer; and they can be found on almost any page of this confusing book. Many of its descriptive passages—of a warm, oppressive day in southern Russia, or of the ominously peaceful town of Allenstein, taken by Samsonov's troops just before their final defeat—are unforgettable. The horror of trench life is conveyed so precisely that Solzhenitsyn can easily compete with the masters of the genre. Many characters are memorable, especially Samsonov (modeled, as the author himself admits, on Solzhenitsyn's literary mentor, Aleksandr Tvardovsky, a poet and editor who was hounded to death by the Stalinists in 1971). The account of Samsonov's last hours, saturated with religious symbolism, is vintage Solzhenitsyn, on the artistic level of "Matryona's House." Vorotyntsev is also, in general, successfully presented: a pragmatist and a technocrat *avant la lettre*, one of the men who, according to Solzhenitsyn, could have changed the fate of Russia but were outnumbered by incompetents and crazy radicals.

For the most part, *August 1914* follows the precepts of the classical Russian novel ("a novel classical and hoary, a lengthy, monstrous lengthy story, high-mindedly exhortatory," as Pushkin put it). But Solzhenitsyn also employs certain devices borrowed from modernist writing of the 1920s. Virtually all the critics have noticed that he follows Dos Passos (who, though labeled a "renegade" and an "enemy of the Soviet people," was more readily available than, say,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Joyce or Faulkner in Russian libraries in the eras of Stalin and Khrushchev). Traditional narrative is juxtaposed with newspaper clippings, soldiers' songs, jingles, proverbs, and the so-called "screen" sequences that are to be read as a script for some imaginary and rather unfeasible movie.

The newspaper clippings (all of them probably authentic) are the best part; they convey a vivid sense of the era and do not lack humor, which is conspicuously absent from the novel as a whole. The "screen" sequences—with sound effects, camera directions, and so on—are the worst; they remind one of bad poetry. And among the modernist devices is the all-pervading symbolism of "the red wheel," which refers to the chaos and the danger of modern history and, more narrowly, to the chaos and the danger of the Bolshevik Revolution. (Even Lenin is frightened by the red wheel of a locomotive, though only for a moment.) In one of the "screen" sequences, a nightmarish crimson wheel turns out to be "an ordinary wheel from a field ambulance"; it falters and finally collapses, symbolizing the collapse of a totalitarian regime that mesmerized peoples of the world for many decades but proved to be paltry and contemptible. Here, notwithstanding the crudeness of the simile, Solzhenitsyn's prophecy seems quite sound.

The language of *August 1914*, moreover, is a bold attempt to create a unique literary dialect as a counterweight to trite Soviet parlance. Solzhenitsyn uses uncommon morphemes and compounds, wild gerunds and adverbs, shocking ellipses and syntactical inversions. They look very strange, to put it mildly; but they are, for the most part, theoretically possible in Russian. Solzhenitsyn also sprinkles his pages liberally with antiquated expressions and rare colloquialisms. Some of his characters speak not Russian, but crippled Ukrainian. Now and then the result is artistically powerful and makes Solzhenitsyn's style seem condensed and precise, reminiscent of Tsvetaeva's. But often the technique degenerates into irritating mannerisms. Willetts is a competent and inventive translator, but he rarely tries to transmogrify Solzhenitsyn's wordplays into English.

The comparison of Solzhenitsyn's scenes of war and peace with Tolstoy's is inevitable. Solzhenitsyn himself invites it tirelessly. The very first lines of *August 1914* refer unmistakably to *The Cossacks*. Such direct and indirect references are too frequent to be enumerated. To be sure, Solzhenitsyn seldom reaches Tolstoyan heights, but that is hardly a reproach. What is much more interesting is that *August 1914* is conceived as a polemic with its great predecessor, as a refutation of his moral message.

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Young Sanya Lazhenitsyn, the presumed main hero of the novel (he never quite becomes the hero), is a failed Tolstoyan. He even meets "the Prophet" and criticizes his views in a dialogue with him. According to Sanya, Tolstoy underrates the power of evil, and the necessity to fight it by all means. This is an important passage in which Solzhenitsyn presents himself as a new Tolstoy who knows better, who substitutes implacability for nonresistance. And this is precisely where the book begins to go wrong.

Searching for the roots of Russia's disasters, Solzhenitsyn finds them mainly in the evil intentions and acts of two men, who should have been stopped at any cost but unfortunately succeeded in their satanic enterprise, thanks to the stupidity and indecision of the Russian governing strata, and especially thanks to the enfeebling influence of Russian liberals and democrats. One of these men is Lenin. The other one, much less known, is Dmitri Bogrov. A shadowy figure, a police informer and an amateurish terrorist at the same time, Bogrov assassinated Stolypin, who was, in Solzhenitsyn's view, the one and only hope for Russia.

The chapter on Lenin belongs to the more successful parts of the book. It is very caustic, and its irony is a bit heavy-handed, but generally it gives a significant and cogent portrait of a historical figure. Lenin's character is revealed mainly through internal, half-delirious monologue. The "clear-sighted" leader of the Bolsheviks is so fully immersed in petty intra-party struggles (discord seems to be his element) that history leaves him behind. The war is wholly unexpected for him. "Austria had declared war on Serbia, and he hardly noticed. Even Germany's declaration of war on Russia had meant nothing to him."

But Lenin is a born gambler, always improvising, obsessed by his "habit of plunging recklessly, of rushing full steam ahead," and he perceives immediately the new vistas opened to a revolutionary by a war. For him, the war is neither a disaster nor a tragedy: it is "a marvelous thing," a long-awaited chance for the destruction of old Russia and of the world order. "Russia will be completely dismembered. Poland and Finland must be detached. And the Baltic lands. And the Ukraine. And the Caucasus." For Solzhenitsyn, such dreams count among Lenin's worst sins. (Poles, Finns, Balts, and others might think differently.)

Lenin is virtually deprived of all emotional attachments; he is mightily bored by his wife, and dedicated only to the creation of slogans and abstract

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

schemes. This unforgiving sectarian, this apostle of disunion and hatred, becomes virtually a demonic figure. But he does not lack, paradoxically, some very human traits. He is timid, always scared by the prospect of humiliation, and mortally afraid of the people, whom he perceives as "ignorant rabble." ("Nothing could be simpler: they would come along with their pitchforks and knives.") Imagining the possibility of mob violence against himself, Lenin puts all of his hopes in Austrian law and order: "Looked at dialectically, a gendarme is sometimes a bad thing and sometimes a good thing." This is comic and ominous at the same time, and convincing.

The unbearably long section on Stolypin (chapters 59-73, 245 pages in all, often in small print) is much less convincing. It is bad writing, tainted by questionable ideology and compromised myth. It starts with that long discussion between Veronika and her aunts, in which the history of the Russian revolutionary movement, and especially of its terrorist wing, is recounted in detail. The device is embarrassing. The aunts are cartoon-like characters who answer the girl's unending questions in "yes, Virginia" fashion. They are presumed to be spokeswomen for the Russian intelligentsia, which was, for Solzhenitsyn, one of the main culprits in the country's history. "The whole intelligentsia was ultimately a single tendency, a single party, one and indivisible in its hatred of the autocracy, its contempt for the police, and its yearning to bestow democratic freedoms on an imprisoned people."

Well, what's wrong with that? We might recall that Solzhenitsyn himself has depicted the autocracy as stupid, corrupt, and inefficient. But in his view, the intelligentsia's sin was to promote a sharp, much too sharp break with the past. These intellectuals interfered in the organic process of history, and threw away moral considerations. This is, of course, an opinion worthy of discussion. Unfortunately, Solzhenitsyn advances his view by very primitive means: he employs the clichés and the juxtapositions of Socialist Realism, only in inverted order. All the revolutionaries, rhapsodized by the aunts, happen to be blasé decadents full of cynicism and blind hatred, drug addicts enamored of death. There is virtually no mention of the genuine democrats and the anti-authoritarians who were quite numerous in Russia those days, just as they are today. At best, they are considered weaklings, gawkish tools of the terrorists.

According to Solzhenitsyn, the only man who was able to prevail over the shortcomings of the autocracy, to prevent war and revolution without infringing on the organic laws of history, was Pyotr Stolypin. He is presented in an unabashedly apologetic way. This not only breaks the rules of good literature, it strains credence. Stolypin is a living embodiment of his country ("He had a constant anxious awareness of all Russia as though it were there in his breast"), a saint, and most likely a Saviour ("He brought light to the world and the world rejected him"). His death is described as a veritable Calvary.

In reality, Stolypin was an able statesman whose reforms (especially the agrarian reform) might have proved beneficial for Russia. But he was as far from being a saint as anyone. Often he demonstrated contempt for law, and for the democratic process; he was fond of authoritarian measures, and rarely hesitated to resort to capital punishment. He was less than sensitive to the problems of Russia's minorities (although he should be given credit for a lack of anti-Semitism). And he did not train anyone who could continue his policies, which is a mark of failure for a politician.

Solzhenitsyn adores Stolypin. He identifies with him so much that all the thoughts and statements of this hero are given without the slightest qualification. And those thoughts and statements are often chilling. An example: "Excessive leniency at the beginning could only increase the number of victims later. He would use conciliatory methods where persuasion was possible. But the mad dogs would not be converted by persuasion—swift and relentless punishment was the only thing for them." That is surely reminiscent of Lenin, and even of Vyshinsky, the chief prosecutor in Stalin's purges.

Of course, Stolypin and Lenin were mortal enemies. Of course, the number of Stolypin's victims was infinitely smaller than the number of Lenin's and Stalin's victims. But that is arithmetic. In their ruthlessness, in their contempt for the rule of law, Lenin and Stolypin were, to a degree, two sides of the same coin. (This is perfectly understood by Pamyat, the neo-Nazi organization in the Soviet Union today, which worships *both* of them.)

If this praise of authoritarian rule and "purely Russian government" is Solzhenitsyn's precept for Russia's future, we might be headed for trouble. And things get even worse when we come to Bogrov, the double agent who mortally wounded Stolypin in Kiev in 1911. That contemptible, "snakelike" creature is juxtaposed to Stolypin in accordance with the most stale commandments of Socialist (well, anti-Socialist) Realism. Stolypin is a hero of epic presence. ("He was strongly built, a fine figure of a man with a rich, deep voice." "[He stood] dazzlingly white in his summer suit.") Bogrov is weak and squeamish, spoiled and cowardly, attached to a life of luxury and full of self-pity. ("He always seemed exhausted, perplexed, out of spirits. His voice was cracked, and sometimes quavery, like that of someone with lung trouble." "The terrorist's black back was wriggling away up the aisle.") Perhaps those embarrassing stereotypes have a certain foundation in historical evidence. But in the context of art they smack of myth. Of ugly myth.

Dmitri Bogrov is not just a criminal and a double traitor. He is not only the epitome of a mad revolutionary and a spineless intellectual. He is also a Jew. The real Bogrov was aware of his Jewishness (though it was certainly a Jewishness in remission, since his father converted to Christianity and gave his sons the most Russian names he could find); and his indignation at the pogroms probably played a part, though not the main part, in his decision to assassinate Russia's prime minister. But Solzhenitsyn chooses to emphasize his background by all available means, to make his act an expression of an eternal struggle between the Russian and the alien, between the man grown out of the native soil and the rootless cosmopolitan. (He prefers to call him Mordko Bogrov, Mordko being a common corruption of Mordecai.) There is no need to dwell on the danger of such a simplification, such a distortion of history. The tragic experience of our century is warning enough.

Solzhenitsyn decidedly rejects all charges of anti-Semitism. One can cite articles in which he praises the state of Israel. I do not think that he is an anti-Semite in the vulgar sense. He is, instead, a fundamentalist who considers "people of the earth" (and the Jews in Israel are a "people of the earth") morally superior to rootless people of the diaspora, be they Jews, Russians, or anyone. In *Time* magazine a few weeks ago, Solzhenitsyn insisted that "anti-Semitism is a prejudiced and unjust attitude toward the Jewish nation as a whole. . . . No real artist could be prejudiced toward an entire nation . . ." The individual members of a nation, however, particularly those individuals who seem to be outside the nation, are another matter. This is a dubious stance, to say the least, even if it is not always virulent. The terrible thing is that Solzhenitsyn has never, as far as I know, dissociated himself from the anti-Semites in Russia who use his writing and his authority for their

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

own less than noble goals.

August 1914 is a failure by a great writer who has exchanged literature for ideological pronouncements and prophecies of questionable value. In this regard, the comparison with Tolstoy is instructive. Almost nobody remembers Tolstoy for his crazy attacks on Shakespeare or his naive religious teachings. *The Cossacks*, *War and Peace*, and *Anna Karenina* are remembered. Our descendants will not remember Solzhenitsyn as the author of *August 1914*. They will read and respect his earlier works, which belong to the best and the most important writing of our age.

TOMAS VENCLOVA, a Lithuanian writer, is assistant professor of Russian literature at Yale University.

Making It

BY DENNIS WRONG

Ethnic Differences: Schooling and Social Structure Among the Irish, Italians, Jews, and Blacks in an American City, 1880-1935
by Joel Perlmann

(Cambridge University Press, 336 pp., $42.50)

The nature and the significance of ethnic differences in American society have always been hotly debated. Explanation and ideology, description and prescription have been tightly intertwined, even in the work of intellectuals and scholars striving for detachment. "Americanization" and "cultural pluralism," the two most common rival images of the destiny of ethnic groups in America, have been invoked as goals to be striven for and as neutral predictions of the future (and, more recently, as capsule summations of what has already occurred).

To be sure, the terms of debate have changed a good deal since the conflicts over mass immigration that led to restrictive legislation in the 1920s. Today nobody advocates "Americanizing" new immigrants, as in the bad old ethnocentric past. Still, such labels as "melting pot" or "assimilation" are often understood as synonymous, even though the former was originally coined in order to counter nativist fears, as a positive view of the contribution of immigrants, and the latter, favored by Robert E. Park, was meant as no more than the objective description of an allegedly inevitable social process.

The assessments of ethnic differences incline toward one of two poles. Ethnic identity is defined as a "primordial" bond, preserving continuity between past and present, between individuals and their ancestors, between traditional culture and the flux of modern life. These themes were central to the so-called "new ethnicity" of the 1960s, to the effort by a number of writers to document and to celebrate the persistence of ethnic attachments as a refuge from the standardizing forces of American mass society. Alternatively, ethnic identity is considered to be nostalgia, which exaggerates surviving differences, idealizes the harshness of economic deprivation and social discrimination in the past, and extols "culture" as an ineffable property of individual and group identity, while underplaying the implacable realities of "social structure," especially its economic and class-dictated imperatives.

The triumph of cultural pluralism is undeniable. Several generations after immigration, the fading of ethnic differences has made their modest surviving traces seem less threatening to the precarious national unity of a multiethnic society; similarly, their vestiges seem less obstructive to the economic and social advancement of the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the immigrants. But there is a strong contrast between the "white ethnic" descendants of both the "old" and the "new" immigration of nearly a century ago and the racially distinct blacks, Amerindians, and contemporary Third World peoples. It is this contrast that accounts for the prevalence of what Nathan Glazer has called the "strong" version of cultural pluralism: the insistence that special recognition and compensation be provided for those victimized in the past by racial discrimination and oppression.

The current debate, therefore, revolves around the interactions between ethnicity and class, or ethnicity and race. Both the ethnic pluralists and their critics who stress class inequality and discrimination have interpreted the American past according to their definitions of ethnicity. The existence of well-marked ethnic differences in the period of mass immigration is, of course, incontestable. The disagreement is over the degree to which these differences, especially the less visible but presumably more pervasive variations in "values," explain the differences in the rates and the extent of social and economic ascent within American society.

What role did Irish fatalism, Jewish reverence for learning, Italian emphasis on the family, Slavic spirituality, the blacks' heritage of slavery play in helping or hindering upward mobility? The most convinced culturalist would hardly deny that objective economic opportunities and the severity of discrimination have shaped ethnic histories in America. Nor would the most hardheaded structuralist—not even a Marxist doctrinally committed to a belief in the primacy of class over non-material culture—deny that the linguistic and occupational skills the immigrants brought with them determined their initial situation in American society. As Joel Perlmann notes, three factors or "variables," each at least analytically separable from the others, suffice to account for ethnic differences: the premigration cultural attributes of the immigrants, the extent of discrimination they suffered in the new country, and their "structural location" in the new country's economy and class structure.

But argument persists over the relative weight to be given to each in accounting for the educational and occupational attainments of the different groups. Perlmann's study is an effort to resolve this question with respect to the Irish, Italians, Russian Jews, and blacks in one American city, Providence, Rhode Island, in the course of just over a half century ending in 1935. Perlmann is alive to the possibility that Providence is not America, but he notes that comparable information on ethnic differences in other, larger American cities is not much at variance with his own findings. His study is unique, however, in the range and the variety of its data base, and also in the painstaking care taken in trying to extract answers to highly focused questions about ethnic and racial differences and their relation to social class.

Thanks to a "staggering amount of material"—his data consist of large samples drawn from federal and state census schedules, the highly detailed school records of both public and Roman Catholic schools, and city directories—Perlmann is able to identify three generations of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Providence schoolchildren, to trace their progress (including their grade point averages) through high school to graduation (if they completed high school, which is one of his major measures of educational attainment), and their occupations ten years later as recorded in city directories. Moreover, he is able to derive measures of the major factors shaping occupational careers that have been central to other leading sociological studies of mobility and "status attainment": fathers' and sons' occupations at particular ages, family size and stability, mothers' employment, and years of schooling completed.

Perlmann is properly cautious in recognizing the limits of his data and refusing to overinterpret. He repeatedly points out that he has no direct measure of pre-migration cultural attributes other than language and literacy, nor of the discrimination his groups may have suffered at the hands of the majority. Moreover, whatever the role of pre-migration culture in explaining American ethnic histories, that culture was itself shaped by the usually low class position of the immigrants in their countries of origin. Critics of culturalism, who emphasize the class location of immigrants in their native countries as well as where they start out in America, certainly improve upon vague and often celebratory invocations of the role among immigrants of particular religious or moral values, such as a work ethic, a faith in self-improvement through education, a pietistic submissiveness, or an opposition to crass materialism.

The different theories of the American ethnic experience, each with its distinctive ideological undertones, give priority to different factors influencing ethnic behavior. Each ethnic group studied by Perlmann seems to exemplify the operation of different factors, or at least a different mix of factors. The earliest immigrants, the Irish, suffered from severe discrimination but overcame their initial disadvantages fairly quickly, following the arrival of large numbers of non-English-speaking immigrants. The Italians retained through several generations the marks of their social class origins as peasants in the old country. The rapid mobility of Russian Jews points inescapably to their unique cultural traits of prior familiarity with retail trade and religiously supported veneration for learning. The low attainment levels of black compared to white working-class youths strongly suggests the painful impact of racial discrimination, although Perlmann's data do not permit isolation of the effects of its various forms—the heritage of slavery, exclusion from non-manual and some manual jobs, residential segregation, discrimination within the school system.

On balance, Perlmann probably provides, excluding the case of the blacks, more ammunition to the culturalists. He appears to recognize this in concluding that "ethnicity is not a redundant category of explanation." Yet, as his own data reveal, ethnicity itself is a complex compound of old country class origins, some national and religious values shared by immigrants of different class origins and locations, and the internalized effects of past discrimination.

Although usually debated in general terms—class versus ethnicity, cultural traits versus the effects of discrimination—there is no reason why any or all of the particular pre-migration characteristics of different ethnic groups should be equally consequential in affecting their fate in America. Perlmann's findings are mixed. Striking contrasts in schooling and occupational achievement between the Irish and the Yankee majority in the first immigrant generation diminish in the second generation and disappear altogether after 1915. In the cases of the Italians and the Jews, however, residual ethnic differences remain after controlling for class and family structure (whether the two parents live together, and the number of siblings).

Blacks reveal an entirely distinct profile. Alone of all groups, they do not show a direct relation between the two measures of socioeconomic advance, education and occupational status. Although they equaled or exceeded all other groups (including non-ethnic whites) in years of school attendance, they recorded the lowest grade-point averages, and were more often enrolled in vocational rather than academic high school programs.

Perlmann believes that "the magnitude of the unexplained ethnic differences" revealed by Italians and Jews is so great that "we should consider not only the explanations based on the social structural location of the group but also those based in some way on its cultural heritage." He emphasizes a distinctive characteristic of the Italians: their frequency of return migration. Over 40 percent of all Italian immigrants to America returned to Italy. A family's intention to earn and save money and then to return home obviously encouraged youthful entry into the labor force rather than school attendance.

But even after controlling for remigration, the Italians still showed a discrepancy between their consistently low educational attainment and their

A Music

The summer frazzles the sap. Limbs disrobe.
We hear underfoot each crumbling leaf, a music,

the score of escape—and what to make of it?
Pennies and peonies—coins struck for flowers.
The street corners burst with final variegations,
blue cornets, hesitant boutonnieres for lapels.

We find this leaf rumbling in its own world,
barely audible in ours of gunned motors.

So, what to make of it? Begin again, again:
It is summer. The city's walls are aflame.

The leaves suffer the pestilence of heat
and drop to the pavement still green.
The light is bright, too bright, and the air
is filled with the dead white of bone.

We hear nothing, and then the scraping leaf,
insectlike, persecuted by the wind—bow,
string, and the dust is rosin: a music
to be ignored, for there is always business.

We have made so many mistakes, wrong turns.
Wrong turns that have turned out badly.

Where earth meets sky there the pink,
pursed lips of a shell we cannot escape . . .

and to bear our captivity we invent the future.
Again, out of despair, we put our money down
on the flower vendor's rough planks, looking
back, in the summer that will not end, listening

for a music in the rustle of the leaves,
in the slowly blooming chaos of carnations,
our slightest movements sounding the note,
singular and clear, connecting worlds.

Gregg Hodges

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

slow but steady gains in occupational status. The education of women was markedly lower than in other groups. Perlmann thinks that these findings support the conclusion of Leonard Covello (in his influential *The Social Background of the Italo-American School Child*) that South Italian peasants placed little value on education, seeing it as largely irrelevant to their needs and their interests.

The Jews, one is hardly surprised to learn, are different. The very high proportions of self-employed "peddlers" in the immigrant generation is consistent with the view that a previous familiarity with commerce gave Jews certain advantages over other immigrants. Nor can one rule out that the much-touted and much-contested respect for the scholarship of the yeshiva contributed to the exceptionally high educational attainments of Jews in all post-migration generations. That females enrolled in commercial courses much more often than males, who entered college preparatory programs, is also consistent with the traditional restriction of religious learning to men. In accounting for Jewish success, Perlmann lends some support both to older scholars like Glazer and Milton Gordon who have stressed the cultural exceptionalism of Judaic traditions and of life in the shtetl, and to more recent writers, influenced by the economism tending toward Marxism of the 1960s, whose views have probably found their most forceful expression in Stephen Steinberg's *The Ethnic Myth* (1981). Steinberg argues that the "historical timing" of the coming of the Jews coincided with the needs of the American economy for precisely the occupational skills they amply possessed, which largely explains the Jewish success story. On the whole, Perlmann tends to find for the culturalists: Jews display just too many irreducible differences, even after his rigorous efforts to control for class composition.

The overwhelming weight of racial discrimination accounts, in Perlmann's analysis, for the special characteristics of blacks. Their occupational gains in successive generations are modest, and much below those of other groups. Lack of schooling or poor grades cannot explain this result, because they stayed in school longer than other groups, and students with low grades from the other groups did better than blacks in the job market. Perlmann reasons that blacks must have stayed in school so long because they were excluded from white-collar and even some blue-collar labor markets. The textile mills, the major employers in Providence in the early 20th century, refused to employ blacks. It is also possible that discrimination by teachers and school administrators accounted for the blacks' low grades, for the high rates of grade retardation, and for the low rates of high school entry. As early as 1880 there were more female-headed households among blacks than among whites, although the difference was not as great as it has become today. Not surprisingly, mothers were more likely to be employed; even in intact families, their earnings as domestic servants presumably compensated for the poorly paid, unskilled jobs of the fathers and the lack of employment opportunities of the children.

Although Perlmann acknowledges that they cannot be ruled out entirely, he argues that for blacks "several considerations suggest treating arguments that stress cultural attributes with much skepticism, particularly if those arguments minimize or dismiss the importance of discrimination." There were no significant differences, he finds, in the educational and occupational attainments of Southern migrants, directly exposed to "the putative cultural legacy of black slavery," and of blacks whose families had lived in the North for several generations. The "feedback" effects of discrimination in producing self-fulfilling attitudes of hopelessness may indeed have operated, but the Providence record suggests that they must have been as powerful in the 1880s as in the 1920s: the race differences were of the same order in both periods.

These are perhaps Perlmann's most provocative findings. The record casts doubt both on the hypothesis, advanced by E. Franklin Frazier and Daniel P. Moynihan, about family instability as a heritage of slavery and also on the claims of some of their critics that the deformations of "ghetto culture" (to use William Julius Wilson's term) do not predate the 1920s.

Ethnic Differences is an important contribution to social history. Perlmann does not hesitate to challenge a number of rival views that have been strongly put forward by people like Thomas Sowell and Stephen Steinberg. If Steinberg is a confirmed structuralist, Sowell, the black Friedmanite economist, has gone furthest in arguing that cultural attitudes determine social and economic behavior, outweighing even discrimination in the case of the blacks.

Perlmann does more than merely temper the terms of the debate by showing the complicated interactions of culture, social class, and the effects of discrimination in shaping the progress of ethnic groups in America. He also tries to show how much or how little each factor appears to contribute to the various outcomes. He recognizes that quantitative studies such as his own need to be supplemented by ethnographies and cultural histories if we are to understand just how culture, class, and minority status were related in actual social experience. His study deals with the fairly distant past, but it clearly bears on the debate over poverty and race today. Providence, Rhode Island, a hundred years ago turns out to be of more than purely historical interest.

DENNIS WRONG is the author of *Power: Its Forms, Bases, and Uses*, which has just been reissued in a new edition by the University of Chicago Press.

MOMA's Boy

BY E. V. THAW

Alfred H. Barr Jr.: Missionary for the Modern by Alice Goldfarb Marquis

(Contemporary Books, 431 pp., $21.95)

In the prime of postmodernism, Alfred Barr, the founding director of the Museum of Modern Art, is an especially timely subject; and so it is disappointing that the first biography is a journalistic pasteup job of uncritical research. Barr probably did more than anyone to form my generation's awareness of modern art, but his formative role has been eclipsed all too quickly. Now, more than 20 years after his retirement (and the start of the long illness from which he died in 1981), a whole new generation—including most of the staff of his Museum of Modern Art—hardly knows his name. Barr did not introduce modern art or the idea of modernism generally into Ameri-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ca. Rather, he shaped its acceptance and its ultimate triumph. He would be appalled, I think, at today's perversion of that triumph in the overheated art marketplace, where art as an investment has replaced art as a value more profound.

When Barr came on the scene in 1929 as the young director chosen by the founders of a new museum for modern art, 16 years had passed since the ground-breaking Armory Show. In 1921 the Metropolitan Museum had held its great exhibition of Impressionists and Post-Impressionists. There were some private art galleries with advanced tastes, like Alfred Stieglitz's American Place; and the Montross Gallery and a few sensitive and adventurous collectors were active. Picasso and Matisse were already famous in art circles.

But in 1929 no one had yet attempted to put into historical perspective the ferment of the last decades of the 19th century and the first three decades of the 20th, a period we now look back on as a golden age of creativity comparable to the Renaissance. No one had tried to show how art movements had developed, how cultural influences had spread across disciplines other than painting and sculpture. By applying the same art historical rigor to modernism that his predecessors had applied to earlier periods, Barr was able to create a coherent version of the history of avant-garde art. But that rigor of historical method never, in Barr's case, degenerated into dogma. He considered the complexity of modern art to be an accurate reflection of the complexity of modern life. While embracing abstraction and the formal analysis of pictures as lines, colors, and shapes, Barr never forgot that art was also a vehicle of communication.

From the beginning of his museum career, Barr's interdisciplinary approach to art history led him to regard the museum as a kind of *Gesamkunstwerk*, an encompassing endeavor combining and cross-referencing all the arts of our time. Thus photography, film, industrial design, and architecture were included along with paintings, prints, drawings, and sculpture as integral departments of the museum, charged with establishing exemplary collections and mounting regular exhibitions in their respective fields. Barr also used the museum structure he created to pioneer new ways of reaching a wider public. MOMA was probably the first museum to function as a kind of social center for the aspiring urban middle class. The popular classic film performances, the book shop, and membership privileges were innovations that now seem commonplace.

Barr's museum, and Barr himself, were relentlessly didactic. Under his guidance, the museum's explications of modern art emphasized clarity and concision, instead of the high-flown rhetoric typical of the French critics or the mumbo-jumbo of obscurantism that typically arises when words confront art. MOMA's publications, especially those written by Barr, were exemplary for their time and enormously influential. His *Cubism and Abstract Art* and his *Fantastic Art: Dada and Surrealism*, both exhibition catalogs of 1936, are standard works today. The museum also pioneered the practice of circulating exhibitions, now routine but a stunning educational advance in the 1930s and 1940s. The show "Modern Architecture: International Exhibition of 1932," curated by H. R. Hitchcock and Philip Johnson, toured for seven years, irrevocably changing the practice of architecture in this country.

The general outlines of this story are carelessly described in Alice Goldfarb Marquis's book. The man who emerges from her book barely resembles the late Alfred Barr. With her nose in the Barr papers at the Archives of American Art, her ear out for gossip, and a mass of old newspaper clippings on her desk, she has produced a one-dimensional portrait of a hypochondriacal old prune. She misses almost all of Barr's irony and humor, misconstruing and taking literally what he meant to be taken ironically. Worst of all, she fails to shed light on his place in the art world, which she portrays in a simplistic, distorted way.

Something of the author's intentions and style must have been evident for some time, since it is clear that the late Marga Barr, Alfred's widow, refused to be interviewed or to cooperate with this book while she was alive. The same is true of Victoria, their daughter. I believe the Museum of Modern Art staff itself, while not refusing access to its archives (which was, of course, legally impossible), gave only minimal help.

Marquis's overriding theme, relentlessly pursued, is Barr's Presbyterian and Calvinistic roots. (His father was a distinguished clergyman.) She is certainly not the first to note them, nor is the idea a false one. But her endless ecclesiastical metaphors distort the story of his life; they offer no key to the man's whole personality, only to one aspect of the intellectual vigor that guided him. Marquis seems to be saying that Barr's strenuous commitment to the spread of knowledge about modernism in all its aspects was analogous to the fervency of a Christian missionary propagating the faith. Nothing could be more misleading, since Barr's deepest commitment, noted by nearly all who have written about him, was to total freedom of thought, both artistic and political.

Marquis duly engages the old arguments summarized in Gertrude Stein's dictum "You can be a museum or you can be modern, but you cannot be both" without bringing any new understanding to the debate. Instead, she adopts a tone of sneering condescension at the mistakes that were made in wrestling with very real dilemmas. She advances the ludicrous thesis that Barr's retreat from his earlier plan to dispose regularly of works that had become historical, in favor of concentrating on the more strictly contemporary, was mainly due to the mounting values such earlier works were gaining in the market. It's a demeaning analysis, and it overlooks the crucial role MOMA played in collecting European works when no other institution in New York was doing so. Had MOMA focused only on the cutting edge, as many working artists urged, there would have been no permanent collection to explain the complex aesthetic movements that led the way.

In fact, Marquis seems to be obsessed by financial dealings in the art world, either to spice up her book or because she genuinely believes them to be relevant. She gives a steady litany of art prices and periodic comparisons of prices, even when they shed little light on the choices that Barr confronted during his career. Marquis seems outraged by the strategies and minor deceptions Barr had to resort to in order to acquire masterworks for MOMA. The truth is, he had virtually no money at his disposal. Trustees and donors are generally villains in this book, with implications of capitalist deception and impropriety on every other page. The tax deduction, then available for donating works of art, seems to her to be a sinful mechanism, although she never explains how the great public collections it made possible could otherwise have been achieved. And Barr is repeatedly faulted for pandering to such trustees as Nelson Rockefeller and William Burden. Never mind that those few wealthy men and women who bought with Barr's advice were themselves reviled as fools before the tide turned in favor of modern art. Some of them showed both courage and generosity in supporting, however sporadically, the great permanent collection of MOMA that is Barr's monument.

Of course Barr had his lapses. Marquis repeats, again without much discussion or understanding, the familiar accusation that he did not give sufficient attention to the first wave of Abstract Expres-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sionist artists, who ought to have been recognized as the pioneers of a new art after the war. Nothing was as clear then as it is now; but this criticism of Barr has some truth to it. What is even harder to understand is the dominance then at the Museum of chi-chi Magic Realism and Neo-Romanticism in the midst of the renewed reverence for Picasso, Matisse, Klee, Miró, and the other great Europeans with whom MOMA had established contact.

Here I think Barr, in the spirit of acknowledging diversity, may have succumbed judgment to the perverse taste and prejudice of some influential trustees. But in 1943 Barr had been removed from his post as director of MOMA in a legendary conflict with the imperious trustee Stephen Clark, an episode retold here with all the intellectual resonance of a soap opera. Much of the blame for the misguided emphasis on what was fashionable, meretricious, and reactionary could just as well be placed on Dorothy Miller, who was then in charge of MOMA's exhibitions of painting and sculpture. (She was, it appears, Barr's principal intimate from those years who cooperated with Marquis, so it is not surprising that she escapes unscathed.)

This book is riddled with obvious small errors, but it's the philistine tone and the simplifying perspective that raise the most doubt about Marquis's judgment. She berates Barr for trading two minor pictures by Degas to the dealer Seligman in 1938 in order to acquire Picasso's *Demoiselles d'Avignon*, which she refers to as a "flamboyant experiment with ugliness." Trustee Louise Smith's magnificent late Renoir (never intended for MOMA), which Barr with his "lustful eye" is accused of "harvesting" for the museum by getting her invited to posh dinner parties, is called "a Rubenesque fandango of fatty flesh." Marquis implies that at one time the trustees could have bought Picasso's *Guernica* but failed to act. No reference is given in the notes for this startling accusation that, I believe, is untrue.

Marquis's commentary on the "ugly" *Demoiselles d'Avignon* is a representative sample of the perspective that informs her book:

> In the past, people had sought objects of great beauty or intrinsic value—gold, jewels, objects of exquisite workmanship. But for those who collect modern works of art, another value comes into play: importance. A painting might be extremely ugly, like Picasso's "Demoiselles d'Avignon," but is nevertheless enormously precious because it flagged a radical stylistic change in the artist's work and, in addition, enormously influenced other artists. Beyond mere connoisseurship, the contemporary collector also needs an expert to tell him which works are "important" and why. This is the crucial reason why Alfred Barr became such a pivotal figure among collectors of modern works of art.

Marquis manages to make Barr sound more like the calculating tutor of idiot princes than like the formative influence on public taste and understanding that he really was. Barr had a passion for separating the best in art and design from the mediocre. His dedication to explaining, with singular lucidity, the reason for his choices has left the art world a much better place than it almost certainly would have been without him.

CORRESPONDENCE *continued from page 6*

them, it's gossipy chatter akin to "what's happening with the neighbors?" We love our books and we love the very real people who populate them. The critics are aliens, whose treason we are ignorant of.

NINA M. SANKOVITCH
New York, New York

To the editors:

Irving Howe explores the idea not that the common reader is disappearing from our midst, but that the academic community has lost interest in him—a far less serious matter. Has the common reader ever taken much interest in, or derived much benefit from, the academic community? I don't think so. When Howe writes that "the odds against maintaining a vital link between a literary community and a literary public are pretty high these days," the point to which his reasoning leads is this: the odds against establishing a link between the academic community and the common reader remain, as ever, pretty high.

The central relationship in the world of books will always be between the individual writer and the individual reader. The common reader reads good books, not important books. He is guided by a standard of entertainment, emotional satisfaction, and personal insight developed as a result not of the sanction of the academic community, but of the communion of writer and reader. The more he reads, the more evident it becomes that although some important books may also be good, many good books have never been deemed important. Rather, our concern should be directed toward the souls of the academics and literati themselves, who, as a result of social and professional pressures, have lost touch with the inner impulses that drew them to the world of books in the first place.

JOHN TOREN
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Containing Our Joy

To the editors:

John Mueller claims that failures of America's containment policy will doom Soviet communism ("Enough Rope," July 3). A "decade-long acquisition of liabilities" including Cambodia, South Vietnam, Laos, Angola, Afghanistan, Grenada, and Nicaragua are alleged to have given the Soviets a bad case of indigestion. Mueller's conclusion that if Soviet expansionism were tolerated rather than resisted it would have confronted its internal contradictions much earlier appears to be an experimental design that would be too costly to test. He forgets that while he can freely criticize the "fundamental futility of communism," others in Latvia, Estonia, Armenia, and elsewhere do not have such a luxury. Should millions of people be sacrificed to an experiment to see whether they can internally bring down the Soviet state? Will starvation in Ethiopia in the '80s bring about a quicker demise to the Soviet empire than starvation in the Ukraine in the '30s? While we Americans enjoy our freedoms, others must be content with the notion that at some time in history a hungry bear may be plagued by a tummy ache and forced to take action in order to keep subjects in line. The recent developments in China should not be all that encouraging for those who anticipate a quick demise to Communist systems.

STEVEN KOVEN
Ames, Iowa

Gender Pap

To the editors:

The Boston Diarist asks for suggestions on how to handle the "she/he" crisis in gender reference ("Nothing Has Been Proved," July 3). Why don't males use "he" and females "she"? This practice will even out the use of gender in non-gender-certain pronouns, since the numbers of the sexes, and therefore their use of uncertain pronouns, are approximately even. Women would surely not feel uncomfortable at using "she" whenever gender was uncertain. Males could stay with the traditional habit of using "he." The egregiously ugly "s/he" would be condemned to oblivion. The ungrammatical use of "they" or "them" would prove unnecessary. My other favorite, "it," would not have to be forced on a squeamish public.

Gender identification, and therefore mental health and self-confidence, would only be enhanced by such a natural and necessary social custom.

ROBERT SPEIRS
Salem, New Hampshire

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WASHINGTON DIARIST

Bright Ideas

I'D BE RICH IF I WEREN'T SO DISTRACTED. Over the years, I've had terrific money-making ideas that I've not followed up on. Sure enough, someone else has had the idea, too, and made a pile. And sometimes did the world some good, too. These lost fortunes aren't really large. I didn't scribble down a formula for Gatorade and then lose it in my desk drawer, or mentally beat Steve Jobs to the Apple computer. But back in the 1960s I did know that Washington needed two kinds of businesses that would go over big: Mexican restaurants and fresh seafood stores. At the time, everyone who liked chiles rellenos or mole chicken (fajitas were still unknown) had only two places to go, and we only had two other places to get carryout crabs and clams. Sure enough, Washington now abounds in Mexican restaurants and seafood joints. I also knew ahead of everyone else that supermarkets should sell tortillas, pita bread, hummus, and babaganouj. Now they do, and somebody is getting rich. In 1980 I said, "Bring back the convertible." Lee Iacocca did. If only I'd had an auto company.

JUST TO SHOW YOU THAT I AM NOT pulling that old Soviet trick—"*we* invented the telephone!"—I offer the following unexploited ideas for someone else to make money on: (1) Open a chain of movie houses with restaurant/bars attached, so that people will have a place to go (and spend money) instead of standing interminably in line. (2) Develop a counter (worn on the wrist) that lap-swimmers can tap at each turn, so they can let their minds wander as they swim and not have to concentrate on how far they've gone.

I ALSO HAVE HAD SOME GOOD ideas for books to write, but someone else always gets to them first. I was convinced that a book about the postwar wise men—Acheson, Marshall, Kennan, Lovett, et al.—would be a winner. Sure enough, Evan Thomas and Walter Isaacson wrote one, called *The Wise Men*, and it was. Then I had this great idea for a biography of St. Paul—the builder of Christianity as a world religion, a truly driven man and an epic figure—but heard that Les Whitten was writing it and thought, "There we go again." It turns out, though, that Les did not write my book. Instead, he wrote a lively novel, *The Lost Disciple* (Athenaeum), about a companion of Paul's, half-Roman and half-Jew, who converts to Christianity and chases around the Eastern Mediterranean, meeting up with all the key disciples, mixing in their political and doctrinal disputes, and barely escaping their martyrdom on several occasions. Whitten's character, Demas, is a lustier character than Paul (the ultimate Puritan), which makes for a fine counterpoint. Whitten has done a lot of research to convey the sights, sounds, and smells of the ancient world (especially, the smells), and also to describe the agonies of existence that made people ripe for conversion. His book still leaves the Paul biography waiting for somebody else to write, but I doubt it will be me.

SINCE I EARN MY KEEP WRITING magazine articles, I usually don't let too many of them get away, but one I was cursing myself for missing was black racism in Spike Lee's movie *Do The Right Thing*. Before I knew it—as a matter of fact, before I'd actually seen the movie—*National Review* had made it a cover story, Joe Klein had written about it in *New York* magazine, "Crossfire" and "Nightline" had discussed it, and almost every conservative columnist had made what would have been my point: Lee, instead of squarely facing the pathology of ghetto life, decided to blame Whitey for everything and glorify violence, as advocated by Malcolm X.

IT'S GOOD THAT I GOT BEATEN TO the punch. I finally saw the movie—my mind having been pried open by a couple of TNR colleagues—and, lo and behold, the neocons are all wrong. Spike Lee personally may have the attitudes attributed to him in the reviews. In his published diaries, he does see white racist plots afoot everywhere and seems to think that riots would be an appropriate black response to the Bush presidency and the re-election of New York Mayor Ed Koch. His movie does sugarcoat ghetto life. There are no drugs, no rapes, no youth gangs or crack-addicted babies. Even despair and rage are treated as temporary phenomena, rather than chronic diseases. But the movie is not racist. It does not blame whites for the misery of blacks. The most sympathetic single character, Sal, is a white pizza parlor owner who loves his black customers and tries to suppress bigotry in them and in his own son. Lee himself plays Mookie, Sal's delivery boy, who's anything but a hero. He is shown as a bad father and lover, a hustler and a hack-off—and he's one of the only black men in the movie who even holds a job. Three older black men sit around cursing Koreans for acquiring businesses right off the boat, and brag about how they get their money "in the projects" every month—presumably when their girlfriends receive their welfare checks. This is not, as charged, an Al Sharptonesque tirade. It's an attempt at urban tragedy, in which character and circumstance combine to produce a death. A basically decent cop keeps a violent youth in a choke hold one second too long—and precipitates a riot. Everyone, white and black, is at least equally to blame for what happens. In fact, the person who comes off worst is Mookie, who starts the riot that destroys Sal's shop and then goes back to Sal to demand his weekly salary.

MUCH HAS BEEN MADE BY THE neocons of two quotations rolling across the screen at the end of the movie—one, by Martin Luther King, denouncing violence as counterproductive; the other, by Malcolm X, defending black violence as a form of "self-defense." Malcolm's quote comes second, but it seems to me undeniable that the movie itself is a declaration of support for King's moral system, and a warning that if we don't strive to live up to it, we'll get Malcolm's as a consequence. I don't see how anybody could come to any other conclusion than that to "do the right thing" means to love your neighbor.

I HAVE AN IDEA—A MONEY-making winner, I think—that would be a small-scale "right thing" for ghetto residents. It may not work everywhere, but it will in Washington, which is woefully short of car washes. My idea is for a business that contracts with big office buildings that have underground parking garages to wash and wax cars for people while they are at work. There are hundreds of office buildings, thousands of cars, and, therefore, an abundance of job opportunities for low-skilled people. People would gladly pay ten dollars a week to get their cars washed instead of waiting in line on Saturday. There are some complications. The workers would have to drive cars around in the buildings' basements. They would have to be bonded to guard against thefts. Buildings would have to set aside a wash area and a water supply. But these are details. In fact, instead of letting real estate tycoons and parking lot companies seize this idea and make themselves richer, churches and community organizations could take it up, organize the labor, arrange the contracts, and make the money. Or a public-spirited entrepreneur could organize the business for and through ghetto churches. Please, somebody, take this idea and run with it. Do the right thing. I'd do it myself, but I have articles to write.

MORTON M. KONDRACKE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SINE QUA NON

America is running huge trade deficits—piling up a staggering international debt. The U.S. may still be the richest nation today, but one day the bills will have to be paid.

Since roughly 80 percent of world trade is in manufactured goods, U.S. manufacturing is the *sine qua non*—the absolutely essential element—in producing trade surpluses to retire our debt. In fact, manufacturing will have to play a larger role in our economy than ever before. The question is what kind of manufacturing—what kind of an economy?

Without decisive and swift action by leaders of business and government, the U.S. will suffer a serious decline in living standards. America could very likely become a low-wage producer in order to pay its creditors.

There is another scenario. America can move now to adopt policies that will help produce trade surpluses through a healthy and vibrant manufacturing sector and a strong economy overall. We must:

- balance the federal budget;
- shift resources into research & development;
- encourage saving;
- foster excellence in education;
- reorient trade policies to promote manufacturing exports.

A focus on realistic trade policies becomes even more imperative in the face of increasingly tough competitive challenges worldwide. We must fashion policies to meet those challenges. And a robust manufacturing sector will be the essential element—the *sine qua non* of a healthy economic future for America.

AMERICA WON'T MAKE IT WITHOUT MANUFACTURING

Kodak

For a free copy of *"Meeting World Challenges: U.S. Manufacturing in the 1990s,"* the second in a series of important new economic studies, please write to: Study, Box NRC, Dept. 412-L, Rochester, NY 14650

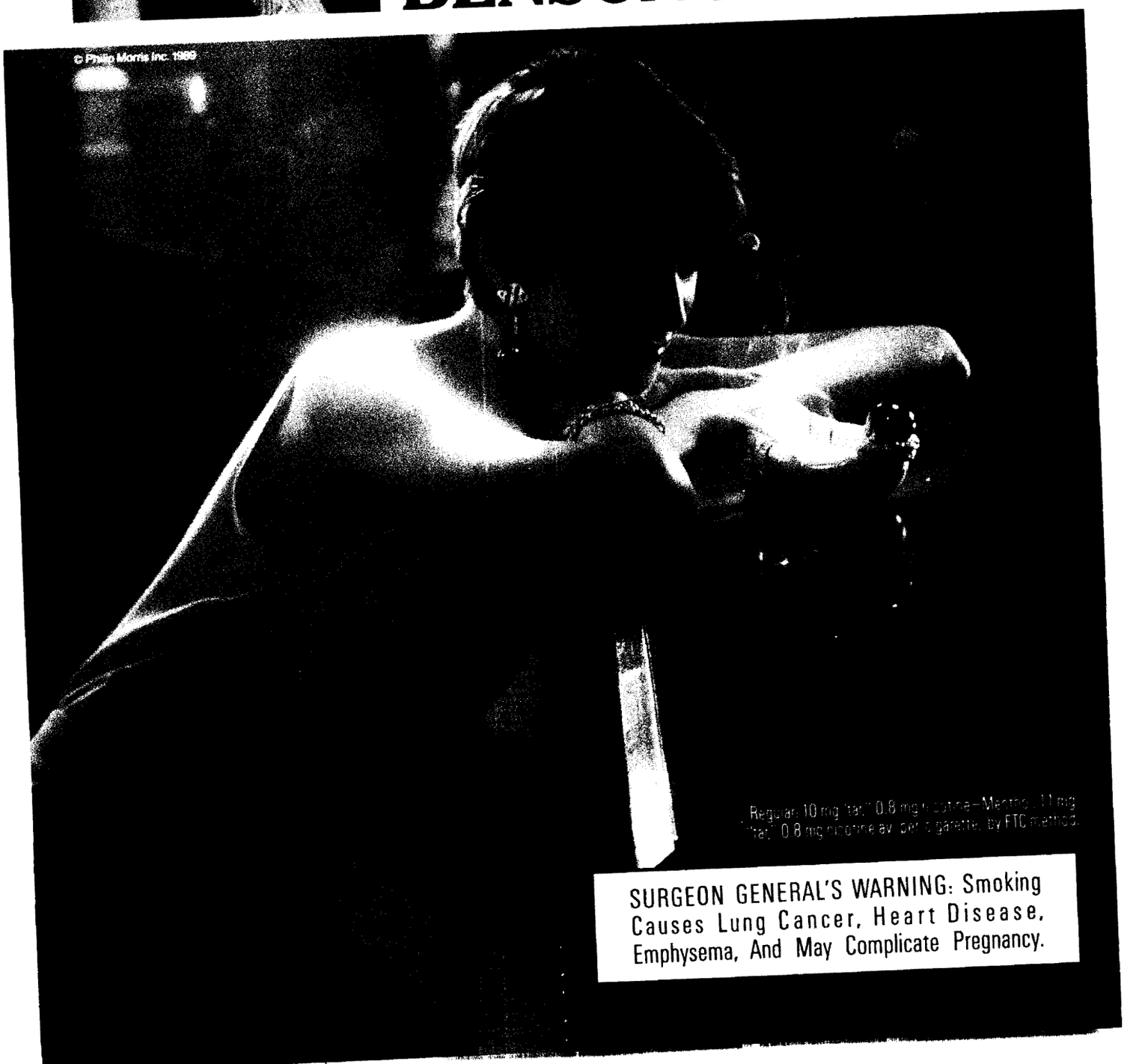
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

For people who like to smoke...

LIGHTS
Regular and
Menthol.

BENSON & HEDGES


© Philip Morris Inc. 1988
Regular: 10 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine—Menthol: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED